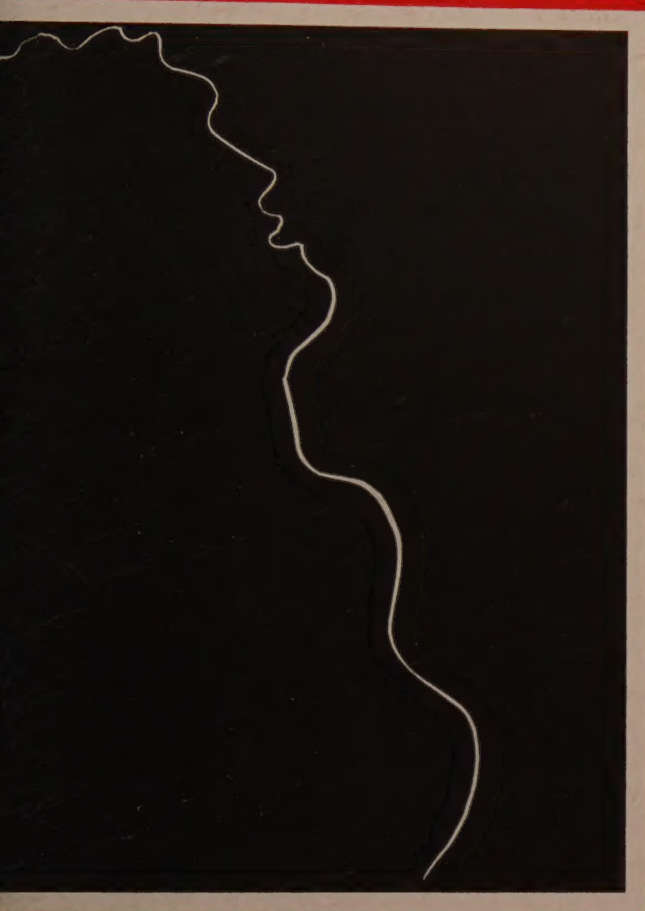


MAGAZINE OF ART

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RED FRANKENSTEIN: ART AND MUSIC

HARD LIPPOLD: SCULPTURE?

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The Lost Independents

RECENT tributes to John Sloan have reminded us that he decisively influenced American art as a major force in the Society of Independents. Here yearly, beginning in 1917 (four years after the Armory Show), any artist could, without let or hindrance by a jury, bring his work before the public and himself see how his picture looked among its fellows.

The Independents had a double source. Professionally it was shaped after its Parisian namesake, which, organized upon the same principle, had rendered signal service to French art from 1884 to 1914; and the American group proved equally useful in acting as a counterweight to our own conservative Salon—that of the National Academy. But the Independents was more than the craftsman's device—the rival trade union—of the French. It was a direct translation into the field of art of the democratic faith in an equal chance for everyone. That was why its spirit was from the start more “amateur” than in Europe, and why it survived after it had obviously outlived its usefulness.

Since then the situation has changed, and some might even argue that the shoe pinches on the other foot. For some years now, the *avant-garde* artist has had ample opportunity to exhibit his work, and today the chief interest in the National Academy showings lies in their amazing longevity. Individual galleries, regional groupings, nationwide exhibitions all include a variety of styles. Still very much aware of how much the arbiters of an earlier era missed in the timid conservatism of their taste, we are very determined not to repeat their errors. Even those institutions whose permanent collections are largely made up of old masters increasingly feel it their social duty to buy and to exhibit contemporary work. Thus the American museum acts upon a sense of responsibility to both public and artist that exists only rarely abroad, and there largely prompted by the American example. For all this there can be only praise.

Yet something is missing from the total picture, something which John Sloan and the Independents had; something which, because we think of it as peculiarly American, should have—as it has not—expanded from those beginnings. Almost nowhere in the United States today do groups of artists initiate and control their own exhibitions. And the fact of the matter is that the artist today is not master of his own exhibition fate. Almost without exception he must show through the intermediary, if not by the grace, of gallery or museum. Since the Independents, American art has multiplied manyfold in volume and diversity, but artists' groups are rare exceptions, and even more rarely do they originate exhibitions. And in New York City, for example, there is no single adequate exhibition hall outside museum walls.

In Paris, too, the old *Indépendants* long since dead. But its place has been taken by an almost year-round succession of group shows, organized and promoted by the artists themselves. Over the years, as styles are born and then change, these groups appear and disappear, but taken together at any moment they cover the whole range from conservative to innovating and in one of them any artist can find his niche. Each group has its principle of selection, whether by jury or by admission to members; but because there are so many, the old impartial freedom of the *Indépendants*—valid when no other alternative was an exclusive reactionary Salon—is no longer called for. Every artist gets a chance somewhere, and the public can pick its showings with a reasonable expectation of finding something to its taste. Here an artist may establish a reputation of *estime* with his colleagues and sympathetic critics which will carry him through many years of official and financial neglect: He looks only to himself and to his fellows, and this in itself does much to keep the scene vibrant and vital the artistic atmosphere.

It is regrettable that with rare exceptions this country possesses no such groups and no halls in which to show them did they exist. Today the artist both waits upon the museum and is impatient with what it does for him. He dislikes “cross-section” shows and juries picked by museum officials. Instead of putting on his own exhibitions, he clamors for artist juries. He is unhappy with the “balance” the museum may perform maintain among the jurors it (not he) nominates. He berates officialdom as such, yet wishes to share its functions because he has no outlet of his own. He is sure that his peers are his only proper judges, and yet permits his rank to be divided by dispute when individual artists are momentarily elevated by the museum to positions of judgment on him.

In the politics of esthetics, as in that of government, there is a great deal to be said for a division of function; it carries with it dignity, responsibility, and the great impetus of rivalry. A series of shows in large cities of the country, each put on by a group of like-minded artists, unified by a broadly conceived but easily recognizable esthetic direction, and housed in city galleries ready to receive them all impartially would prove a tremendous stimulus to public interest and a great boon to the artists as they face the whole community. To the museum this could only be a blessing, freeing it of its present duty of bringing before the public not only the quality but something of the quantity of contemporary art, and its obligation to act in the conflicting roles of judge and promoter. The curatorial could be entirely true to—and accountable for—the highest critical standards without being haunted as he is today by those who on a purely human basis have a right to be heard. And the artist would take at least part of his destiny into his own hands.

ART AND MUSIC

Alfred Frankenstein

ACCORDING to the title-line of a well-known Irish play, "Tis the far-off hills are green." While this observation clearly contradicts the laws of atmospheric perspective, it is decidedly true in the emotional sense in which its author intended it to be taken. I was reminded of it recently when my art-critic friend of mine remarked, in a somewhat wistful and wondering tone, that the American public seems, in general, more receptive to progressive tendencies in music than to progressive tendencies in the visual arts.

Actually, the situation is both more and less wonderful than my friend would have it appear. His thinking, I suspect, involved the unexamined assumption that the *avant-garde* is uniformly *avant* in all the arts at a given moment; hence his exasperation with the apparent, inexcusable and unreasonable fact that the public accepts contemporary expression in one field more readily than in another. In reality, however, a phenomenon in music may be quite as significant and for its period as a phenomenon in painting or sculpture, without at the same time being so far in advance of the public's capacity to receive. The unity of the arts, so much beloved of cultural historians, is largely an illusion: each of the arts proceeds according to a series of mutations, retrocessions and fractional movements peculiar to its own materials, its own history and its own creative personalities, and each therefore describes its own particular curve as far as public acceptance and rejection are concerned.

One of the most important fractional movements of modern music, the one associated in this country with the ideas and the compositions of Aaron Copland, has proved remarkably acceptable to the public at large and in fact is deliberately calculated to secure such acceptance. Another, centered about Igor Stravinsky, has also found its way to the general audience, but to a smaller degree; a third movement, initiated by Arnold Schoenberg, is still generally resisted.

The Copland movement has, as far as I am aware, no counterpart among workers in the visual arts. Its credo is best expressed by Copland himself, in his book, *Our New Music*, published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company in 1941:

"Since Wagner's day, it had become axiomatic that the lay listener was by nature slow to comprehend innovations in music. During the very critical years of change that followed the death of Wagner, composers had come to take it for granted that their works could be of interest only to the most forward-looking among their



Jack Levine, *Act of Legislature*, 1949, oil, 35 x 20", courtesy Downtown Gallery, photograph Oliver Baker

audiences. How could the ordinary music-lover, comparatively unaware of the separate steps that brought on the gradual changes in musical methods and ideals, be expected to understand music that sounded as if it came from another planet? Composers, by the end of the 1920's, began to have an uneasy feeling that a larger and larger gap was separating them from their listeners. They would have been dull indeed not to have realized that this lack of contact with any real audience was placing them in a critical situation. . . .

"The only new tendency discernible in the music of the last ten years can be traced to this feeling of dissatisfaction on the part of composers at the lack of any healthy relationship with their potential public. As a result, two steps were

taken: first, many composers tried to simplify their musical language as much as possible, and, second, they attempted not only to make contact with audiences in the concert hall, but to seek out listeners and performers wherever they are to be found—in the public schools and colleges, the teaching studios, the movie house, over the air waves, through recordings—anywhere, in fact, where music is heard or made. . . .

"Some ardent music lovers are frankly disturbed over the effect all this may have on the music of the future. They say that the artist must create for himself alone, put down only his finest thoughts in the manner most natural to him, without regard to any other factor whatsoever. This has always seemed to me a curiously unreal conception of musical composition. No doubt there have been artists who worked in isolation, without contact with an audience, but this has always been to the detriment of their art rather than an added strength. The English poet, W. H. Auden, has put his finger on the danger of creating out of one's 'private world,' either for one's self or for a few choice friends. As he says, ' . . . the private world is fascinating, but it is exhaustible. Without a secure place in society, without an intimate relation between himself and his audience . . . the poet (or musician) finds it difficult to grow beyond a certain point.' Isolation breeds an ingrown quality, an over-refinement, a too-great complexity both of technique and of sentiment. The composer who is frightened at losing his artistic integrity through contact with a mass audience is no longer aware of the meaning of the word art."

The Copland idea—submission to social discipline in order to achieve immediate social usefulness—is widespread among contemporary composers, but in this country, at least, it is met

with far less frequently among painters and sculptors. There are, to be sure, visual artists who emphasize subject matter that aims at social amelioration, but that is by no means the same thing. Copland is talking about *idiom*, not subject matter, and there is a wide divergence of implication between a score like his *Billy the Kid* and, say, one of Jack Levine's social satires on canvas. Nevertheless, the Coplandists do come together with the social-commentary painters on one secondary point, if rather vaguely and to an extremely limited degree.

One result of the doctrine of social usefulness in music has been a marked revival of interest in the creative use of folk themes and folk materials of all sorts. This is paralleled, to a certain extent, by the obvious influence that folk art has exerted on the work of such painters as Ben Shahn and Philip Evergood. The differences, however, are more important than the parallels. To argue this point in all its ins and outs would take us too far afield. The essential thing, from the point of view of this discussion, is that folkloristic idioms have a very long and highly honorable history so far as music is concerned and provide one of the principal devices employed by those composers of our own time who believe in tempering their expression to the receptive potentialities of today's audience. But among visual artists, past or present, there is no such general exploitation of idioms derived from folk tradition. Furthermore, the purpose of those contemporary visual artists who do employ folk idioms—Léger, for example—is to further experimentation, rather than to court public approval, and in fact their use of these devices does not secure for them anything like the degree of popular acceptance that accrues to the composers.

It is not inconceivable that many musicians are highly conscious of social relationships



Ben Shahn, *Vacant Lot*, 1939, tempera, 19 x 23", Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford

social responsibility because music is a social activity requiring the collaboration of composers and performers (often collaboration of a very complicated, difficult and expensive sort) and offered large, tangible assemblages of listeners. Getting through to the audience involves infinitely more effort for composers than for creative artists in any other field. There is always room for a painting anywhere; it costs little or nothing to display it, and there is no style in painting that does not immediately find its partisans. But whether we like or not, it is the symphony orchestra which stands at the center of today's musical life in America. No matter how many works he may have produced for solo instruments or chamber-sic groups, no composer in America makes the grade in his own eyes, in those of his colleagues or of the general public, unless and until he has had some orchestral works performed. Producing a symphony, however, is as complex a business as a military campaign; it is therefore not surprising that numerous composers are acutely aware of the conditions they must meet in order to obtain a hearing, and create their works accordingly.

This practical attitude is, to be sure, typical of only one fraction of today's composers. Stravinsky, for one, has nothing but scorn for it. Stravinsky himself is the leader among a group of musicians whose ideas are not altogether similar in result, if not in intention. The Stravinskys find much to emulate in the artistic of past centuries. They take their discipline from social need or use but from musical tradition, freely and selectively interpreted. Until recently they were enchanted with the clarity of form and texture provided by the music of the baroque period, but they are now extending their creative researches to earlier eras. In this case, comparison with the visual arts reveals a situation which is almost exactly the reverse of that which exists in the case of the musical folklorists. Remnants to the past have been a constant, yeast factor throughout the entire history of painting and sculpture, but they have been all but unknown in music until now.

There remains, of course, a very large group of contemporary composers who follow neither Copland nor Stravinsky. Many are disciples of Arnold Schoenberg and his twelve-tone technique. This used to be regarded as the very special, rigidly intellectualized system of a single individualistic genius; but that view is no longer tenable, for the Schoenberg system has attracted numerous ardent followers throughout Europe and the two Americas, although it still lies entirely outside the orbit of popular acceptance. There are those who maintain that *only* the Schoenberg system is contemporary music, and that all the rest is mere commercialism or academicism masquerading under high-sounding language, but that is a position with which the present writer finds it quite impossible to agree.

At all events, the Schoenbergians ruthlessly reject the devices of reminiscence which devotees of the other schools employ and which have been of assistance to them in attracting the general public. In the case of the Schoenbergians, then, habituation to the new music itself is all that counts, and this means that these composers have a long, cold wait ahead of them. And yet there is evidence to suggest that the waiting-period for Schoenberg himself is almost over, for in the past year an astonishing number of his works have been recorded.

Béla Bartók was regarded as another remote and lonely extremist until the day he died. On the following day, everybody began to play his music, and now he is almost as popular a composer as Brahms or Debussy. In fact, he is being performed so often, and with such emphatic success, that one begins to suspect that he may not be so important a figure as we thought in the days of his isolation. We all have within us a lingering suspicion of popularity. The Coplandists will tell us that this is romantic nonsense and a hangover from nineteenth-century esthetic anarchism; still and all, there may be something in the idea that great art is not too quickly or easily approached or too widespread in its appeal. This much is certain: it requires the judgment of time and familiarity to determine the ultimate value of any phenomenon in the arts, and this is quite as true of phenomena which are generally accepted when they are first revealed as of phenomena which are at first rejected. Bartók had to die before most of his works were revealed at all,



John B.
Flannagan,
*Jonah and
the Whale*,
1937,
bluestone,
30 1/2" high,
collection
Mr. and Mrs.
Milton
Lowenthal,
New York,
courtesy
Museum of
Modern Art



Philip Evergood, *Jester*, 1950, oil,
5 x 8', courtesy ACA Gallery

and in this he fulfilled a rather mysterious pattern of our culture, observable with reference to writers and visual artists as well as to composers.

The worst problem in the understanding of modern modes of expression in music or the visual arts is the problem of actually hearing and seeing. In this respect, likewise, the two fields are quite different.

Because space is cheaper than time, and because visual art does not require the expensive intermediary, those of us who dwell in cities, at least, are offered infinitely more opportunities to become acquainted with contemporary painting and sculpture than with contemporary music. For every new score that is publicly performed, at least five hundred pictures are publicly exhibited. That in itself may be the simple, dry, direct answer to the problem posed by my critic-friend: perhaps the general public is more receptive to new music than to new pictorial art because the public knows so much less about it. The public may actually not be more receptive to new music at all, but merely less often vociferous in its rejection. That may help explain why there are no Donderos snapping at the heels of our composers.

However, the fact that thousands of new works of visual art are constantly on public exhibition does not mean that these thousands of works are actually *seen* by those who look at them. The very ease with which modern art can be shown makes for superficiality in its reception. Group exhibitions containing hundreds of canvases, all in different idioms and all howling at each other, perennially line our museum walls; in many cities, such exhibitions provide the only means of public contact with contemporary expression. The visitor skims and makes snap judgments because the exhibitions themselves encourage him to do so. Each artist spends a lifetime perfecting a technique, and months or years creating one manifestation of it; then the results of all this labor are lumped together in such a

way that the spectator, even though he may spend much time at the exhibition, cannot devote more than a moment or two to each work. One of the best things that could happen to modern art would be the abandonment of the vast group annual—an anachronistic survival of the nineteenth-century academic salon which has as little to do with education for modern art as opening nights at the opera have to do with music.

The conditions under which new music is presented also make for superficiality and snap judgments, but not in the same way. To begin with, as observed above, not enough new music is performed to acquaint the general public with what composers as a whole are doing; then, once a piece of new music *has* been performed, it is seldom, if ever, repeated—whether it is good or bad, successful or unsuccessful. No wonder audiences sit with their mental ears shut! Repetition is the only device for opening them, and repetition is the one thing we never get.

In the midst of all this, the professional critic can only preserve an attitude of tolerance and objectivity, remembering, as someone has aptly said, that the difference between a conviction and a prejudice is that you can explain the former without getting mad about it. This is exactly what the Donderos and the men-in-the-street to whom they appeal are unable to do.

The famous *Pravda* review of Shostakovich's opera, *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk*, provides a perfect clinical example of Donderism, or critical pathology:

"Official music critics exalt this opera to the high heavens, and spread its fame far and wide. The listener is from the very first bewildered by a stream of deliberately discordant sounds. Fragments of melody, beginnings of musical phrase appear on the surface, are drowned, then emerge again to disappear only more in the roar. To follow this 'music' is difficult; to get anything out of it, impossible.

Marsden Hartley,
 Seamen's Last Supper—Nova Scotia,
 1940-41, oil, 30 x 41", collection
 Mr. and Mrs. Roy R. Neuberger,
 New York



and so during the entire opera. On the stage singing is replaced by screaming. If the composer happens to chance on a simple and understandable melody, he, as if frightened by such calamity, rushes into the jungles of musical confusion, at times reaching complete cacophony. . . . All this is not because the composer has no talent. . . . His music is deliberately turned inside out in order to destroy all resemblance with classical melodic music, with plain musical speech. . . . It is a leftist mess instead of human music. The striking quality of good music is sacrificed in favor of petty-bourgeois formalist cerebration, with pretence of originality by means of cheap clowning. It is a game which may end very badly. . . . Leftist monstrosities in the opera have their origin in the same source as leftist monstrosities in art, in poetry, in pedagogy, in science. . . .

"The composer, apparently, does not set himself the task of listening to the desires and the expectations of the Soviet public. He scrambles to make them interesting to formalist-critics, who have lost all good taste. . . . *Lady Macbeth* enjoys fine success with the bourgeois audiences abroad. Does not the fact that this era is messy and absolutely devoid of political annotations contribute to this success among the bourgeoisie, that it tickles the perverted tastes of the bourgeois audiences with its fidgeting, screaming, neurasthenic music?"

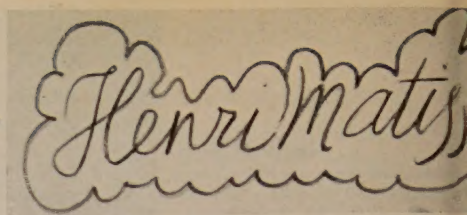
In a way, there is something rather hopeful in this review. People talk about the "Soviet mind," as if it were something special, mysterious and incomprehensible, but *Pravda's* remarks about *Lady Macbeth* show that the Soviet mind works the same grooves as the minds of all suffering fools who have witnessed something in the arts they have failed to understand and who possess

no philosophy to see them through this painful situation. Every typical accusation that has ever been brought against new art and new artists can be found in this classic screed, with one exception: Shostakovich is not accused of having composed as he did because he was technically incompetent to compose otherwise. Instead, *Pravda* takes the other classic course: too bad that so much talent has been wasted here.

For the rest, all the well-worn weapons are used. The violent tone of the review is highly symptomatic. It reveals an unconscious sense of guilt. The spectator's ego has been affronted by his own failure to comprehend this new thing; therefore he lashes out in an effort to destroy it. He concludes that the new work has been created out of a desire merely to shock, surprise and create a sensation. He links it to socially disapproved forms of behavior in the departments of morality and of politics. He attacks those who may like the new thing as insincere, jaded or degenerate and assures the artist of reprisals from the large, healthy-minded public to which he, the critic, is proud to belong. In short, although our critic may sincerely believe that he has written a detailed review of *Lady Macbeth*, he has actually used most of his space arguing that all right-thinking men must agree with him in hating it, and he thereby gives himself away. He may have sat through the performance, but he has actually heard nothing—just as those who write and speak about the visual arts in similar terms have actually seen nothing. Their next step is always to talk about "this modern stuff" in exceedingly general terms, naming no names. They are unable to do so because all they have to express is an unreasoned, uninformed grouch. Grouchy, indiscriminating displeasure may be better than apathy, but is seldom the basis of significant progress, in art, in music or in anything else.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

William S. Lieberman



The Swan, from *Poésies de Stéphane Mallarmé* (Lausanne: Albert Skira, 1932), etching, page size 13 x 9 3/4", Aldrich Rockefeller Print Room, Museum of Modern Art

IN 1900, with the publication of Bonnard's lithographs to Verlaine's *Parallèlement*, Ambroise Vollard established the twentieth-century archetype of books illustrated by painters of the School of Paris. Although today many of his projects still remain unpublished, Vollard, at the time of his death in 1939, had issued, or contracted for, volumes illustrated by Redon, Rodin, Denis, Bonnard, Vuillard, Picasso, Dufy, Chagall, Braque and Rouault.

In his crowded gallery on the rue Lafitte Vollard sponsored Matisse's first one-man exhibition in June 1904, but their association never became close. A collaboration might have produced a magnificent illustrated book, but perhaps Matisse like many others found Vollard too difficult an impresario. Matisse's only encounter with Vollard as an editor was a single etching contributed to a proposed album of nudes.

When at the age of sixty-three Matisse undertook his first illustrated book, most of his younger contemporaries had already fulfilled many such commissions. Perhaps like Vollard every art dealer dreams himself a publisher, and not a few

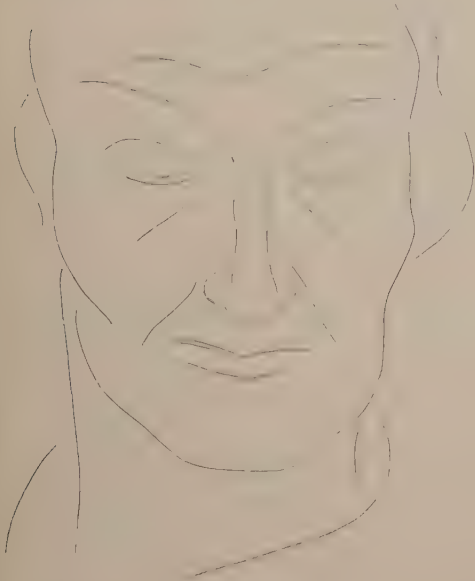
had begun to issue fine editions. Daniel Henry Kahnweiler, for instance, less ambitious but more venturesome as to choice of author and artist, had published by 1914 two volumes illustrated by Derain, two by Picasso (almost twenty years before Vollard), and in the following decade books by Vlaminck, Braque, Léger and Gris. Dufy's magnificent woodcuts to Apollinaire's *Bestiaire* appeared as early as 1911, and Maillol's woodblocks for Virgil's *Eclogues* and *Georgics* were printed in 1926 for Count Kessler in Leipzig. Indeed, the illustrators of de luxe editions, painters and sculptors had supplanted the traditional engraver and professional illustrator.

It was the young and courageous Swiss publisher Albert Skira who presented Matisse with his tardy debut in 1932. The previous year Skira had published Picasso's illustrations to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. His second venture was to Matisse, equally distinguished: he had asked Picasso's stellar rival to illustrate the poems of Stéphane Mallarmé. Matisse responded with enthusiasm. Already well acquainted with the techniques of etching and drypoint—he had made over two hundred plates on copper—Matisse chose the quick thin line of a sapphire point for his etching needle. To avoid plate marks around the illustrations, the size of the sheet was actually smaller than the plate from which it was printed. "The drawing is not as usual massed towards the center but spread over the whole page," explains Matisse. "The problem was to balance the two pages—the one with the etching white, the other with the typography relatively black. I achieved this result by modifying my arabesques in such a way that the spectator's attention would be interested by the whole page as much as by the promise of reading the text."

Some of the illustrations recall Matisse's earlier figure compositions; others make casual reference to his Tahitian voyage of 1930. Although interpretative rather than literal, the illustrations for single poems always evoke in a vivid graphic image some specific title or phrase. Longer poems such as *Hérodiade* and *L'Après-midi d'un fau-*

are treated at greater length, but the most memorable illustration, one of unaccustomed psychological intensity, is the stark abbreviated mask that accompanies the *Tombeau de Baudelaire*.

The subject matter of the illustrations, like the poems themselves, varies considerably, but Matisse's style weaves an airy continuity throughout the volume. "This," he said when he had finished, "is the work I have done after reading Mallarmé with pleasure."



Matisse's only other illustrations of the 'thirties were half a dozen etchings for an edition of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, designed by George Macy and published for his Limited Editions Club in New York in 1935. Matisse was acquainted with many *avant-garde* writers including his son-in-law Georges Duthuit, so he was perhaps aware of the parallel construction between *Ulysses* and the

Odyssey. At any rate he chose to illustrate Homer rather than Joyce. He selected five encounters of Ulysses: Calypso, Aeolus, Polyphemus, Nausicaä, Circe and, for the homecoming, a landscape of Ithaca. The illustrations were drawn through paper on a very soft ground. This allowed Matisse to outline figures, then shade as if with charcoal or crayon. Each plate is accompanied by two to five preliminary sketches. These often come to life in a way the finished etchings do not. For sheer readability, the double columns of the Limited Editions text are the most satisfactory presentation of *Ulysses*, but as the illustrator Matisse had done justice neither to Joyce nor to himself.

Since 1941 when a series of major operations left him a partial invalid, Matisse has devoted a major part of his time to book illustration. The first was an edition of Henry de Montherlant undertaken during the war.

Matisse had met Montherlant in Nice in 1937. The author, the general tenor of whose work in many ways parallels Matisse's occasional seraglio atmosphere, sat for his portrait seven or eight times, and Matisse considered making etchings for his *La Rose de Sable*. "It was necessary to abandon this project," Matisse recalls, "because each time a picture began to form in my mind, the end of a story would stop me. Montherlant's description was thorough and complete. I could add nothing. Montherlant materializes perfectly what he sees. His text needs no visual complement."

A few years later, however, Matisse did undertake to interpret two of Montherlant's poems, *Pasiphaé* and *Chant de Minos* (*Les Crétois*). The book was published in 1944 by Martin Fabiani, a former associate of Vollard who became a prominent dealer during the Occupation. Fabiani the year before had issued *Dessins: Thèmes et Variations*—several series of pencil drawings gathered together as a *de luxe* edition.

For the *Pasiphaé—Chant de Minos* Matisse chose one of his favorite graphic media, linoleum

Above: Charles Baudelaire, illustration for "Le Tombeau de Baudelaire," from *Poésies de Stéphane Mallarmé*, etching

Pages 34-35 from Montherlant's *Pasiphaé—Chant de Minos* (Paris, Martin Fabiani, 1944), linoleum cuts, page size 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", Pierre Matisse, New York



ors, dormeuse aux longs cils, hiron-
delle, hironnelle...

Un dernier baiser, un dernier, à la bague de
ton orcil.

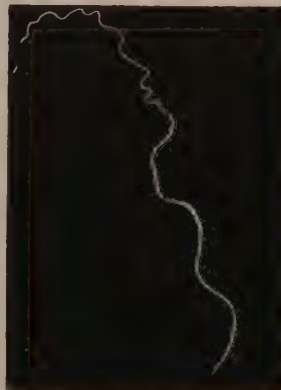
Je serai ton vêtement dans le silence de la nuit.

Je prendrai tes doigts endormis.

Je les poserai en rêvant sur mon cou, sous
mes aisselles...

Les doigts de ceux qu'on aime sont des gouttes
de pluie.

Minuit. Au ciel les signes errent comme des
voiles.



L'empire que l'empire se frappe sous la gorge

cut—white line engraving on linoleum. Somewhat fussily, he cautions others: "The lino should not be used as a cheap substitute for wood because it gives a special character of its own to a print, quite different from a woodcut, and for this reason it should be studied. . . . The gouge is controlled directly by the sensibility of the engraver. Indeed this is so true that the least distraction during the tracing of a line causes a slight pressure of the fingers on the gouge and influences the drawing for the worse. . . . Engraving on linoleum is a true medium for the painter-illustrator."

Matisse in the *Pasiphaé-Chant de Minos* again expands suggestions from the poet's verse into a completely personal imagery. His calligraphy is decisive, and the designs of the incised lines conform strictly to the vertical rectangle of the linoleum block. The effect of easy spontaneity of the eighteen illustrations belies his care in the composition of the whole book. "A single white line on an absolutely black background. . . . The problem is the same as for the Mallarmé, but the two elements are reversed. How to balance the black page without text with the comparatively white page of typography? . . . by the arabesque of my drawing . . . by bringing together the page engraved and the page of type . . . a wide margin surrounding both pages completely masses them together." Matisse adds, "I had a definite feeling of a somewhat sinister character of a book in black and white. However, a book generally seems like that. But in this case the big page [of the illustration] almost entirely black seemed a bit funereal. Then I thought of red initials. . . . Starting out with capitals that were picturesque, fantastic, the inventions of a painter, I was obliged to change to a more severe and classic conception of lettering in keeping with the elements of the typography and engraving already decided upon. . . . So then: Black, White, Red—not so bad. . . ."

Four smaller books, *Visages*, *Repli*, *Lettres Portugaises* and a *Fleurs du Mal*, all begun in 1943

and 1944, were published during the winter 1946-47. During their composition, however, Matisse was devoting his best energies to editions of Charles d'Orléans and Ronsard.

The author of *Visages*, Pierre Reverdy, had reproduced five Matisse drawings in his *Les Jockeys Camouflés* (1918). André Rouveyre, the caricaturist and author of *Repli*, lived at Vence where Matisse had moved in 1943. Both books contain some dozen lithographs of heads, as well as linoleum-cut ornaments. As with all his recent editions, Matisse designed the covers for both these volumes.

For Efstratios Tériade, with Skira the leading publisher of fine editions today, Matisse adorned the five familiar *Letters of a Portuguese Nun*, a dependable inspiration for artists good and bad. It was not the first time the publisher and artist had worked together. In 1937, Matisse had designed the cover for the first number of Tériade's *Verve*; in 1945 and 1948 two issues of the magazine were devoted to Matisse's paintings, the artist collaborating on their production. Matisse supervised the entire layout of the *Lettres Portugaises*. The illustrations are charming if somewhat repetitious: a profusion of initials and leaves printed in violet, and nineteen larger portraits of the cowed epistolarian herself.

A Baudelaire by Matisse should have been an important publishing event. The artist conceived *Fleurs du Mal* with over thirty original lithographs and twice as many wood engravings after abstract designs. Dry weather unfortunately ruined the transfer paper on which Matisse had drawn, and the lithographs were instead mechanically reproduced from photographs of the drawings. The illustrations, mostly female heads, bear little affinity to the passion and intensity of the poems. Matisse's tribute to Baudelaire remained the earlier haunting portrait for Mallarmé's sonnet.

If a certain pedestrian sameness seems to characterize *Repli*, *Visages*, *Lettres Portugaises*

de votre cœur, et de votre fortune; sur tout,
venez me voir

DIEU, je ne puis quitter ce
papier, il tombera entre vos
mains, je voudrais bien avoir
le même bonheur. Hélas!
insensee que je suis, je m'ap-
perçois bien que cela n'est pas
possible. Adieu, je n'en puis plus. Adieu, aimez-
moy toujours; et faites-moi souffrir encore plus
de maux



Seconde Lettre

Pages 24-25 from *Les Lettres Portugaises* (Paris, Tériade, 1946), lithographs, page size 10 3/8 x 8 1/4", Pierre Matisse, New York

Pages 90-91 from *Jazz* (Paris, Tériade, 1947), double-page size 17 x 26"; right, "Sword Swallower," color stencil, Museum of Modern Art (gift of the artist)

*L'esprit humain.
L'artiste doit
apporter toute
son énergie.
Sa sincérité
et la modestie
la plus grande
pour écarter
pendant son
travail les
vieux clichés*



and the *Fleurs du Mal*, Matisse's next three books were to be among his most important achievements of the decade.

Jazz was published by Tériade in 1947. Matisse appeared not only as illustrator but as author. Stricken with the ailments of his later years, Matisse composed *Jazz* during a twelve-month confinement to his bed. The color plates were made before any text was written. Sheets of white paper were washed with thin gouaches of brilliant color. Matisse then took a scissors and cut out figures and forms. These he arranged with paste and pins into the desired designs. The "drawings with scissors," as Matisse calls them, were painstakingly reproduced by a stencil process (*pochoir*) using the same colors as had Matisse himself. The title *Jazz* has no actual reference to the plates or text but well describes the spirited liveliness of the whole book.

"These images in vivid and violent tones," Matisse writes, "have come from the crystallizations of memories of the circus, of popular tales and of travel." Gay and witty circus scenes predominate: the horseback rider, the sword swallower, the knife thrower, "le cow-boy," actual performers such as the clown Monsieur Loyal and the pair of trapeze artists the Codomas. Popular tales are the *Fall of Icarus* and the anecdotal *White Elephant's Nightmare* and *Burial of Pierrot*. Memories of travel—three flowing semi-abstractions—resemble philodendras as much as the intended lagoons of the South Seas. In the text Matisse adds: "Lagoons, would you not be one of the seven wonders of the painter's paradise?"

In the rhythm of his own sprawling hand Matisse reflects at random on a bouquet of flowers, an air flight to London, drawing, belief in God, happiness, advice to young painters and life after death. As the author, Matisse considers the twenty large-scale *découpages* not as illustrations but as separate essays in themselves.

In the fall of 1941 Skira came to visit Matisse in Nice. The painter spoke of a project he had often considered, an anthology of Ronsard's love poems. Skira agreed with enthusiasm. The book was planned to contain some thirty lithographs to be printed in Switzerland. The first printing of the text did not suit Matisse's illustrations, so a new type was selected, a font of rather worn Caslon. A second proof of the text was pulled for Matisse's use in making the illustrations. The war prevented Skira from seeing Matisse until 1946. By then Matisse had so expanded the original plan that when the Caslon was shipped from Geneva to Paris it had to be reset for a third time. After eight months the text pages were ready for the master lithographer Mourlot. But again misfortune struck. The sheets had turned yellow, the edition had to be scrapped, the old Caslon type was too worn to be used again. After a long search Skira found William Caslon's original molds and a new font was cast. Matisse meanwhile had changed the color of the ink and had quadrupled the number of illustrations; as a result, the fourth and final printing was not made until the spring of 1948—seven years after the project had been initiated.

The love lavished upon the Ronsard is apparent as one turns its pages. The format is large and handsome. To his own choice of poems Matisse drew one hundred twenty-six lithographs printed in brown on an off-white paper. Unlike the Mallarmé or the Montherlant, here Matisse does not stress a left-hand, right-hand balance between text and illustrations. The two are composed together. A scene of a woman bathing under a willow covers an entire folio; a pattern of leaves lightly embroiders a double spread of pages with text; female heads, fragments of a nude, flowers and fruit, ornament pages with poems; larger full-page illustrations suggest in a few sure lines scenes of pastoral romance, the reverberations



Il. 519

Deux cheveux, doux present de ma douce Maï-
 Deux liens qui lient ma douce liberté,
 Deux filets où je suis doucement arrêté,
 Qui pourriez adoucir d'un Scythe la rudesse :

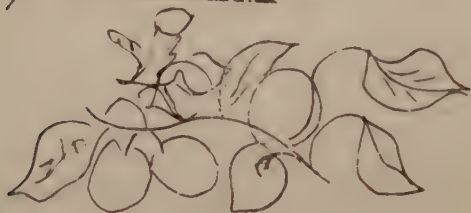
Cheveux, vous ressemblez à ceux de la Princesse,
 Qui eurent pour leur grace un Astre mérité :
 Cheveux dignes d'un Temple et d'immortalité,
 Et d'être consacrés à Venus la Déesse.

Je ne cesse, cheveux, pour mon mal appaiser,
 De vous voir et toucher, baiser et rebaiser,
 Vous parfumer de musc, d'ambre gris et de baume,

Et de vos neruds creuser tout le col m'ensermer,
 Afin que prisonnier je vous puisse assurer
 Que les liens de col sont les liens de l'âme.



Il. 519



6

Illustrations for Ronsard's "Doux cheveux,
 doux present de ma douce Maïstresse."
 Left: Work sheet, courtesy Albert Skira;
 below: pages 24-25 from Florilège des
 Amours de Ronsard (Paris, Albert Skira,
 1948), lithographs, page size 15 1/8 x 11",
 Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Print Room,
 Museum of Modern Art



DOUX cheveux, doux present de ma douce Maïstresse,
 Deux liens qui lient ma douce liberté,
 Deux filets où je suis doucement arrêté,
 Qui pourriez adoucir d'un Scythe la rudesse :

14

Cheveux, vous ressemblez à ceux de la Princesse,
 Qui eurent pour leur grace un Astre mérité.
 Cheveux dignes d'un Temple et d'immortalité,
 Et d'être consacrés à Venus la Déesse

Je ne cesse, cheveux, pour mon mal appaiser,
 De vous voir et toucher, baiser et rebaiser,
 Vous parfumer de musc, d'ambre gris et de baume,

Et de vos neruds creuser tout le col m'ensermer,
 Afin que prisonnier je vous puisse assurer
 Que les liens du col sont les liens de l'âme.





Poèmes de Charles d'Orléans (Paris, Tériade, 1950), page size 16 1/8 x 10 1/2", Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Print Room, Museum of Modern Art. Above: Frontispiece (dated 1943) and title page; on following page: lithograph decorations and facsimile of Matisse's handwriting

a kiss, the silhouette of a vase, the song of birds. The conception of each page is fresh and unexpected, as lyric and graceful as the poems themselves.

After this tribute to Ronsard, Matisse made an elaborate bow to another great poet, Charles d'Orléans. In a large notebook of a hundred pages Matisse penned forty poems and decorated the manuscript with color crayons. As an introduction, the first four pages are covered with fleurs-de-lis, the royal emblem of France chosen by Charles's grandfather. A gay title-page in blue and red depicts a noble profile portrait of the author. The fleurs-de-lis motive is thereafter repeated on each left-hand page. The lilies of France vary in size, number and arrangement. The leaves themselves are drawn in two colors, the combination of which changes with each page. On the right-hand pages opposite these fields of fleurs-de-lis appear the various rondels, rondeaux, ballades and *chansons*. Matisse copied the courtly verses in pen and ink and framed each poem with a witty rococo border. Five times the poem pages are interrupted by illustrations—three portraits of women, a meadow of rabbits and a nude enshrined in a flower.

It is impossible not to share Matisse's light-hearted pleasure in the creation of this book. He delights in teasing his ingenuity as far as possible within the arbitrary limits of the fleurs-de-lis motive. The brightly colored illuminations are casual and lively, playful and extravagant. If they add

nothing to the elegance of the verse, they are at least as tasty as spun-sugar candy.

Tériade published the *Poèmes de Charles d'Orléans* in 1950. Priced inexpensively as if to emphasize its popular appeal, twelve hundred and thirty copies were printed—about four times as many as in the usual *de luxe* edition.

Since Matisse prefers to make his illustrations while a book is actually in progress, it is doubly fortunate that he has had the best possible technical collaboration. Most of his illustrations have been printed in Paris by Roger Lacourière for the etchings, the brothers Mourlot for the lithographs. The knowledge, patience and understanding of these master printers have contributed substantially to the success of his best books.

When sponsored by an enthusiastic publisher such as Skira or Tériade—expense and time cannot be considered—Matisse has no rival as an illustrator. He responds best to his favorite authors and believes that "the artist to make the most of his gifts must be careful not to adhere too slavishly to the text. On the contrary he must work freely, his own sensibility enriched through contact with the poet he is to illustrate."

"I do not distinguish between the construction of a book and that of a painting, and I always work from the simple to the complex, yet always ready at any moment to reconceive in simplicity. . . . Put your work back on the anvil twenty times and begin over again until you are satisfied."

NOTE: Quotations from the artist are taken from: 1) "Montherlant vu par Matisse," *BEAUX-ARTS*, August 27th, 1937; 2) Henri Matisse, "Comment je fait mes livres," *ANTHOLOGIE DU LIVRE ILLUSTRE* edited by Albert Skira, 1944; 3) Henri Matisse, *Jazz*, Paris, Editions Verve, 1947; 4) Adelyn D. Breeskin, "Swans by Matisse," *MAGAZINE OF ART*, October, 1935. In his *VINGT ANS D'ACTIVITE*, 1948, Albert Skira has written an account of the publication of *FLORILEGE DES AMOURS DE RONSARD*.

Alfred H. Barr's definitive *MATISSE: HIS ART AND HIS PUBLIC*, just published by the Museum of Modern Art, discusses at length Matisse as an illustrator.

All photographs courtesy Museum of Modern Art.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: The following bibliography lists only those books for which Matisse has done specific illustrations, for the most part produced under his direct supervision. Not included are books written by the artist's friends to whom he has presented a print or drawings; some sixteen covers designed for magazines, books or exhibition catalogues. For these, see Alfred H. Barr's monograph.

POESIES DE STEPHANE MALLARME, Lausanne, Albert Skira et Cie., 1932. 29 etchings. Limited to 145 copies.

James Joyce, *ULYSSES*, New York, Limited Editions Club, 1935. Volume designed by George Macy. 6 etchings, each accompanied by 2 to 5 reproductions of preliminary drawings. Limited to 1500 copies.

Henry de Montherlant, *PASIPHAE . . . CHANT DE MINOS (LES CRETOIS)*, Paris, Martin Fabiani, 1944. 18 full-page linoleum cuts; cover, linoleum-cut ornaments and initials. Limited to 250 copies.

Marianna Alcaforado, *LETTRES PORTUGAISES, Périade*, 1946. Volume designed by Matisse. full-page lithographs; also cover, lithograph ornaments and initials. Limited to 270 copies.

Pierre Reverdy, *VISAGES*, Paris, Editions du Chêne, 1946. 14 full-page lithographs; also cover, linoleum-cut ornaments and initials. Limited to 200 copies.

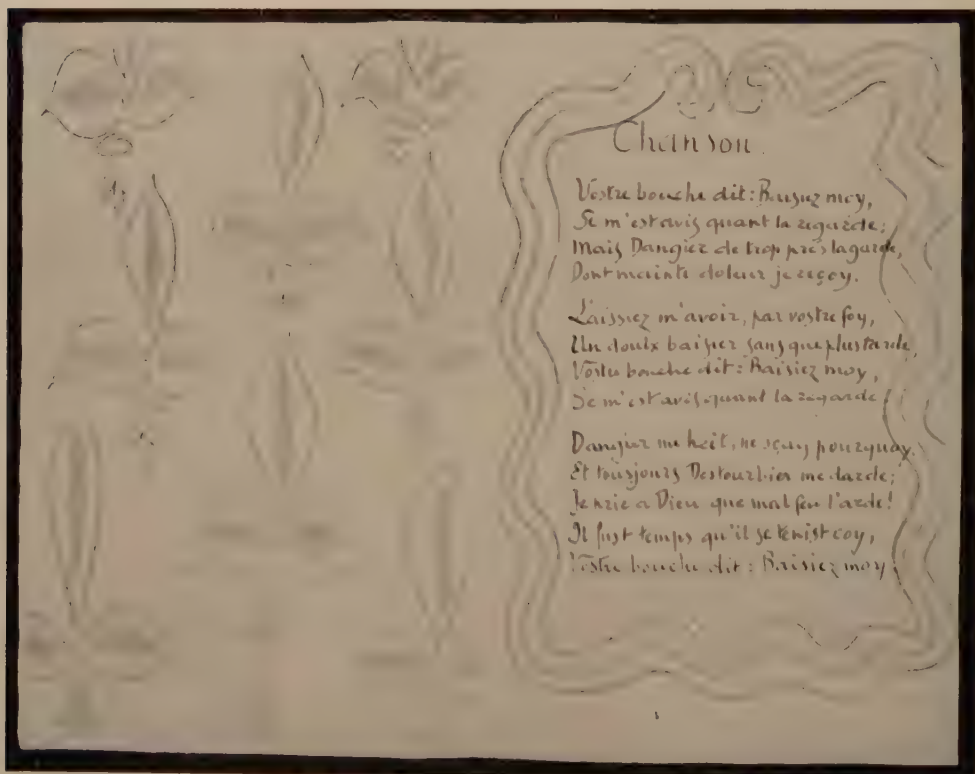
André Rouveyre, *REFLI*, Paris, Editions du Bélier, 1947. Volume designed by Matisse. 12 full-page lithographs, also cover, linoleum-cut ornaments and initials. Limited to 370 copies.

Charles Baudelaire, *LES FLEURS DU MAL*, Paris, Bibliothèque Française, 1947. Volume designed by Matisse. 1 etching, 33 photo-lithographs, wood engravings reproducing drawings; also cover, ornaments and initials. Limited to 300 copies.

Henri Matisse, *JAZZ*, Paris, Editions Verve (Tériade), 1947. Volume designed by Matisse. 152 pages of text, reproducing in facsimile the artist's handwriting, and color stencils; also cover. Limited to 270 copies. Also album of the 20 color stencils without text, limited to 100 copies.

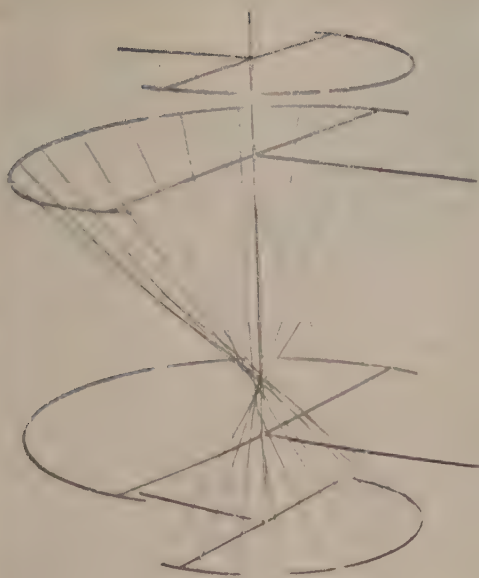
FLORILEGE DES AMOURS DE RONSARD, Paris, Albert Skira, 1948. Volume designed by Matisse. 18 lithographs; also cover. Limited to 320 copies.

POEMES DE CHARLES D'ORLEANS, Paris, Tériade, 1950. Volume designed by Matisse. 100 pages of text and lithographs. Full-page decorations, ornaments for each page of text which reproduces facsimile the artist's transcript of the poems; also cover. Limited to 1230 copies.



SCULPTURE?

Richard Lippold



Richard Lippold, Variation within a Sphere No. 6, 1949, brass, copper, ni-chrome wire, 9" high, collection Anni Albers, New York

The devil has many shapes.

In one of them, he maketh us to look back upon history as a long wedge tapering towards our own work as its spearhead, pinning there a hapely, seductive theory.

As I am the devil's disciple (and he mine), this article will be found to lean neatly towards our point of view. This, says my friend the devil, is a humble confession, for only the most blatant egotist can pretend to fetch new ideas from the void of his pristine intelligence. Without tradition, the creative man wanders in a sterile loneliness like that of the adolescent or the fool, who alone dare, of necessity, to lay claim to total originality.

On the other hand, says the devil, while it may seem possible to assume that we are today heirs of all man's past inventions, and therefore free to select from all the possible techniques, ideas and methods of the world's history, this is truly as fallacious as for any of us to believe that a single human being can be at once old and young, male and female, awake and asleep, joyous and melancholy. Obviously all these states are potential in us all, as all things are possible in nature; but the one inviolable law, says my upside-down angel, appears to be that which permits but one general condition at a time, precluding any other for the moment. If one listens to these diabolical words, it becomes apparent that our own time is as clear in its general singleness of condition as any other. The problem for every man, artist or no, is to find that condition.

My own father nearly missed it. "Where," he asked as we pattered along in our 1929 Franklin while little 1934 Ford V-8's fled past us one Sunday afternoon, "Where are they going in such a hurry? They must be crazy, not to enjoy the lovely scenery." My father, alas, says Lucifer, was a pre-depression, renaissance man, safe in the cradle of his ego, master of nature, no slave to high-compression. "Why," he asked at the end of the day as he flipped a switch, and the static and the silence faded from the throat of his RCA, "do they play only jazz and baseball?" "Why," he scowled at me, "do you speak such long nonsense on the telephone?" My father was a modern man in search of his soul. But my black friend, who is my father's friend (and enemy) too, sent him to the cellar among old letters and safe cupboards, instead of into the black night with open eyes and the white day with open heart.

"Where are they going?" "Why do they play jazz?" "Why no profundities over the telephone?" I ask my friend, and for a moment his horns seem wings. "Nowhere." "For no reason." "What are profundities?" are his replies. It is the white of day and my heart, I hope, is open. Out of it streams a surprised death: the death of meaning and reason, the death of logic and guilt; and into it rushes with the speed of jet the life of Now. The V-8 is its own reason! the radio is a miracle! the telephone is wisdom! Revelation is upon me—only, being my father's son, I am a little slow. Those inside the Fords knew it when



Where is the flesh?

compression was heightened and bodies lowered; those listening to (now watching as well) baseball, sex and murder knew it when the silvered tubes first glowed; and everyone has always known it when his being has heard Telephone's bell. What strange new world is this in which what is said is of no consequence, and where one is going is of no value—and the whole excitement is to be flung through time and seduced through space, hurled over bridges and winged over mountains, shouted over invisible waves, shot up shafts, killed in a yellow land, born in a purple one, and all so Fast, so Hard, and so Beautiful that the sun stands still, the stars move backward, the mountains are as plains, the valleys as hills, the day is darkened and the night lightened (it is always exactly 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon), destruction is construction; and the total is stasis. Silence. . . . "Even," whispers the black one, "even, perhaps stability?"

I rush, like my father, to the cupboard. Where are the art books? I need meanings, crave profundity, I must have balance.

What is this? no peace on earth?

There are exactly 18,653 Apollos (and they are far from brothers); 18,652 Venuses (none of them siblings); 12,688,734,673 apples (of more variety than God's thoughts). At the worst of all, there are more truths than there have been men, for each man owned so many.

Where is the gothic's center (2,333 saints)? Where is the Greek's nobility (999,350 murders)? Where is the renaissance's enlightenment (1 law of perspective)? Where is Unity? Where is Faith? Where is Spirit? Where is Flesh?

From my window I see a long stream of cars rushing up the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive. Leaning out a bit, I see another stream rushing down the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive. Where are they going? Why don't they use the telephone (with "meaning" for a change) so that those already at one end can do what those at the other end are rushing there for, and vice versa? and the drive could be planted with sweet corn and strawberries? Why this mad procession?

Quick! Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres. Another procession? Where are *they* going; what are they saying and thinking; why is no one on the sidelines watching? Why is their picture in the book? I feel my devil retreating. "On your own now," he bleats. Their picture is in the book because the procession alone is its own meaning; the rite alone is its own sensation. It is as meaningless as the cars, but the gesture of the whole people gives a devilish sense of unity. The experience is a thrill; *why* they go is total, beyond my feeling but must have something to do with salvation: Ancient man in search of his soul. Where he really moves is not from house to cathedral, from church to castle, but from body to spirit and back again, refreshed for his worldly labors. Flip the pages; is it any different in Greece, in Florence, in Bethlehem, in Nepal, in Benin? The pictures always seem to show the same movement, from birth to death and back again, from black to white and back, from silence to sound and back, from despair to ecstasy and back. The pictures show an envelope of sensations made visible, enclosing man's endless procession from here to there and back, a total rhythm in which his whole self as a man, and his whole self as men, is and always will be engaged. Is there any other movement? Progress?

Then why the varied Venuses, the assorted Apollos, the endless apples; why the bright processions, the dark processions, the rich parade, the poor parade? Can it be that from each place at the time the world has seemed different, the heritage as complex as now? Has an envelope of sensitivities tied to but a few, selected natural and man-made phenomena in each age formed a common, sa-



Where are they going?

retreat from the awful awareness of the endless variety and total confusion of all existence? Has this always been so?

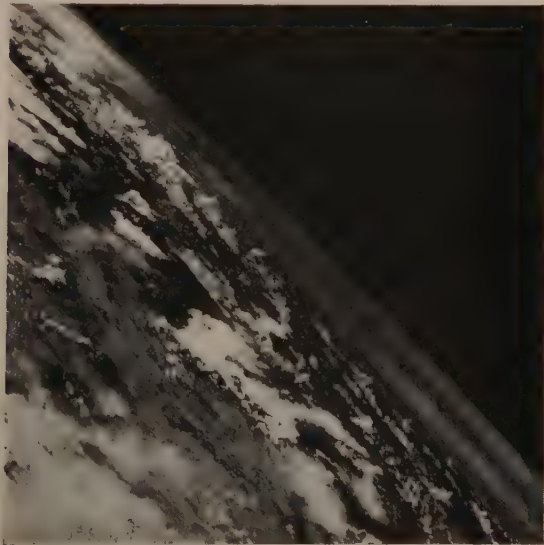
Yes.

And what lovely envelopes they have been! Some have been spun from the golden rays of intuition and the magic of feeling; some have been secretions of silver intellect; some have listened with the special beauty of delicate intermixtures, in exquisite proportions, of passion and

design; some have been given by one man to many, some by many men to one, and all have then marched in the procession until bored or snared by a fresh fear or hope.

What is our envelope to-day? I think my departed devil already showed it to me. "Space," his voice echoes back to me, "is your skin." Can it be doubted? Not by men on the telephone, not by the weary-eyed watchers of television, by the free prisoners of time-made-useless by fission and

Where is East? Where is West?





Where is the spirit?



t, from Forty-second Street and the East River
rive to Tibet. Eyes have even been lent to
ockets to prove that from only eighty miles
away, the earth is in *fact*, not merely in *concept*,
unified sphere in infinite space—the finite di-
rections of East and West reduced to one point
Nowhere.

So it matters little what is said over the
telephone, into the microphone, aboard the
rocket; whether the destination be Waikiki or
Wichita. It is now, as always, an envelope of
total sensations, felt and thought, which unifies
us, even my father and me, often against our
wills, as we rock in our Windsor chairs, cling
desperately to Bach, Stravinsky or Rodin, reject
the atom and embrace the portfolio, defend our
egos and loose our souls. Dead-weights in Space
are these useless burdens to our salvation: the
self-sufficiency of the monolith, the soporific nos-
talgia of fat harmony and sweet-sour counter-
point, the defense against the inner self by the
outer form which tries to sit, like an eighteenth-
century ancestor, contemplating its shallow tri-
umph of the flesh. Instead, are we not all actually
displaced persons now, conquerors of time and
space, able to penetrate—even physically—into all
regions simultaneously: regions not only of the
flesh, but of the mind and heart as well? Without
limits in space and time, all matter is shattered,
and our total penetration of the whole inner, as
well as outer, structure of all objects can lead us
to faith in this seemingly transparent envelope,
which cradles us at this moment in safety from
chaos—from the neurosis of looking back and the
anxiety of waiting for a more tangible skin.

So the rhythm of our time is no less than
the rhythm of all times. Our great physical
speeds of space and time, of destruction and con-
struction, are but the sensations—and the only
sensations—which can lead us to that peace of
mind contained in the discovery of the great end-
less movement of action and inaction, of sym-
metry and unequal tension, of motion and rest,
of life and death. How can we fear our time
when we know with the greatest certainty that all
things, great and small, animate and inanimate,
tangible and intangible, come from the same
many sources of energy, added to and subtracted
from each other to form the variety of objects

whose friendship in life is one of our greatest de-
lights! From the flesh of matter in space is bred
the substanceless presence of the spirit.

Do I hear my Lucifer from far off crying,
"You are free; you are and you are not. You are
gone, you are here; you are man and non-man,
material and dematerial"?

Before me are drafting instruments, paper,
precision tools, torches, metals: expectant ma-
terials in neat order, awaiting the accidents of
their destinies. What shall you become, my love-
lies? Images after me? Images after a god I did
not conceive? Do you want to tell a little story,
rising from the flesh and clinging there like a
leech? Over my head zips a daring bridge that
would have shocked Bernini. A helicopter floats
by like a lazy insect—a bubble for a head, two
men for eyes, a light girder for a body. The tele-
phone—again the telephone—rings; it is a voice
from fifteen hundred miles away. (Duncan
Phyfe would have fainted.) I see Indo-China
yesterday below me in sans-serif today. An im-
agination that dwarfs Michelangelo's dome has
raised a skeletal tower of Babel across the river,
delicate as a spider's web, a symbol of communi-
cation for the sake of communication, for the
sake of the ritual.

I'm afraid, my lovely tools and materials,
I cannot make a monument to myself any more;
you are a few decades too late. I cannot make
you into little gods, or big ones; for that, you are
a few centuries too late. I'm afraid—or rather,
I'm delighted that I am sharing a marvelous
transparent envelope with my living fellows, who
enjoy with me this tentative existence between the
material and its ever-imminent possibility of be-
coming non-material. Therefore, I shall stretch
you to your essence, fling you through space like
the bridge, send you soaring like the TV tower,
fill your insides with the tense contradictions of
love and hate, anticipation and fulfilment, self-
knowledge and self-doubt. You will exist for your
moment and be unafraid of destruction, for you
will be born from the very sacrifice of your pres-
ent pure shapes. You will be no one, but you will
be reduced to every one. You will be barely
visible, as close to the dissolution of time and
space as I am. And I hope you will share with me
the ecstasy of this condition.

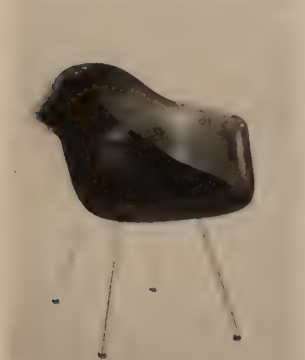
Notes on the illustrations: Page 316: Abraham Lincoln, 19th-century American cartoon; Alberto Giacometti, Tall Figure, 1948, 65" high, courtesy Pierre Matisse Gallery, photograph Colten. Page 317: Jean Fouquet, Funeral Procession from the Hours of Etienne Chevalier, 15th century, Musée Condé, Chantilly; New designs for home television antennae; Photographs from rocket-borne sequence camera showing black space, and curvature of earth and surface haze. Page 318: Television antenna tower (detail); Richard Lip-pold, Construction (detail).

DESIGN, DESIGNER AND INDUSTRY

THE two talks printed here were delivered late in June this year at Aspen in the Colorado Alps, where officials of the Container Corporation of America invited some two hundred business executives, product designers, graphic designers and educators to consider the role of design in business today. In the course of four days' conferences, one issue stood out: businessmen considered design a good gambit in the contest for profits, while responsible designers argued that competitive advantages was a poor goal compared to the full development and wide distribution of human satisfactions, both spiritual and physical. The Aspen conference papers are now being considered for publication by the Yale University Press.

E. J. K., Jr.

Charles Eames



Molded plastic
chair, 1950,
manufactured by
Herman Miller
Furniture Company

IN the course of one of the earlier sessions of this conference, Don Wallance, touching lightly on the many facets of the relationship of design to industry, made one observation that caused spontaneous murmurs to run through the audience. This was a remark made from the consumer's standpoint that may serve as a warning against design with more integration than integrity. A consumer product may be so loaded with shelf-appeal that its victory over competition is immediate, up to and including the point of sale. But its true value will not be known until the consumer takes it home and lives with it. Then, one of two things will usually happen. If after he has gotten it home the object becomes a rich and contributing part of his life, it will take on a

beauty and receive a love far, far greater than that which caused it to be picked from the shelf. If, however, in the proving laboratory of the consumer's home the object proves a fraud, fails in a great degree to perform, it will inevitably take on a sick kind of ugliness—all the more for its pretence to be beautiful. Nothing could be worse, or more deserved, for the conscious manufacturer than such a switch.

Two examples of the design program within the Martin-Senour Company were shown to this conference by the company's president, Mr. Stuart. The first was an excellent sample color card, the result of a sincere attempt to raise the performance standards of a useful tool. But the second example, the wet-paint sign, I am afraid was not such a happy one. Perhaps in the enthusiasm of bringing modern painting into the program, shelf-appeal here got the better of function. Conceivably, someone *would* want to use that sign as a decoration for his rumpus room. But, functioning as a wet-paint sign, would it, in a crisis, ever stop you in time?

This is a part of the great trap, and we should be grateful for this reminder that some things can be so integrated and so "attractive" that they completely fail in the specific function which they should perform. This happens when clichés take over, whether they are the clichés of modern painting or of anything else. For the sake of our children's lives, let us hope that the traffic "Stop" signs never become so integrated!

The same thing often happens in the design of building materials. In an all-out effort to make their product "attractive," the manufacturers so art it up that it becomes impossible to make it hold its place as an element in building. Such super-appeal puts the architect, who must work with the elements, in the frustrating position of a painter who, reaching for a tube of pure color, finds plaids and polka dots coming out when he squeezes it.

Here I would like to quote from the brochure describing this conference. By taking the passage out of its context, I may be doing injustice to the thought; if so, I apologize.

"American business faces a new era and a new phase of competition. Because of the leveling or equalizing processes now generally practiced throughout industry (automatic machinery, uniform wage and marketing practices), the opportunities for effective competition based on traditional factors of price and quality of products have been greatly diminished.

"Competition of the present and future must be based on new factors, on the appearance, attractiveness and appeal of the product, and on the reputation of the companies who make and sell it. This involves the use of imagination and visual appeal not only in the design of the product itself, but in everything which associates the company with its product in the mind of the purchaser."

lic: advertising, printed matter, company offices, factories and displays."

The attitude and works of the man who made this statement are positive without question. That is demonstrated through the works of his company—the Container Corporation of America—and by our very presence at this conference. But the statement itself I find scary—as, I guess, I do all conscious effort towards shelf-appeal.

"We have gone as far as we can in quality and price; therefore we will add *art* to make this product attractive?" This thought is diametrically opposed to everything we try to stand for and work towards.

Have we, in fact, gone as far as we can in quality and price—service per dollar—standard of performance per man-hours work? Gone as far as we can? We've hardly started, and everyone here knows it.

The facets of performance of any product are innumerable—some measurable, many immeasurable; some perhaps of which we'll never be aware and which will only be solved intuitively. But every day some new need of performance is isolated and made calculable—and the way to increasing service for the dollar is made easier.

If there really is a desire to make the product good—that is, turn each consumer dollar into the highest standard of performance—then there must be goodness all the way down the line. This is the "integrated design program." To want the materials to be good, the package to be good, the delivery to be good, the printed matter, the office, the plant. And really to want the hours of each employee on the job to be good—and good for *him or her*; because if this is true, and the intention is really to make the life of the employee on the job a happy one, the steps are clear, and the relation of morale to goodness of product will take care of itself. But plant morale programs that start from the "let's increase the output" end, often fall into the same trap we have seen in respect to "shelf-appeal." They can get to *look* more than to *be*.

Let's scrutinize our objectives, look at them big, look at them small. . . .

When we think of great imagination and far-reaching perspective combined with infinite patience and attention to detail, we think of Leonardo da Vinci. We are often apt to think there are no Leonardos today, and as usual we are wrong, because there are. It's just that it is never a snap to apply such attitudes, even though in the long run they offer by far the greatest odds.

Among such great original thinkers we must certainly all be grateful for Buckminster Fuller. His is real perspective. I believe it was George Nelson who once said, "You know, Bucky somehow has the quality of looking at everything he sees as a child looking at it for the first time." What a great faculty that is! If any of us becomes momentarily complacent about the quality-cost ratio of our products, then it's high time to take another good look at Buckminster Fuller's attitude towards production standards—the total service he would provide per man-hours work.

He has pointed out that originality for the sake of being original is simply no good and can only lead to something that is, in the worst sense, derivative. To this we would all agree—whether we ourselves can avoid it completely or not. But Fuller goes further and suggests that if our objectives—our immediate objectives—are clear, and if we proceed, free from preconceived ideas, to work towards them, then the need for originality is gone—and the work stands a chance of being as big as the objective.

Sometimes it takes a new kind of courage to stop trying to be original and instead to examine the objective closely, to see what it really may be. As another example of Fuller's perspective, he says that the great advantage that education can provide to a student is "security in change." What a great gain that is over safety in the *status quo*!

Herbert Bayer's ads—such as the *House of Cards* on page 324—certainly do not come as the result of trying to be original. His works have an immediate objective, a real conception, a big idea. They are also real advertisements, not modern paintings. His objective was certainly clear, and he moved so directly towards its fulfilment that it enriched the thought, the product, the page and the life of the page-consumer. That's the way it should be with our own work—and I mean, you know, in every detail of our work. Not just the label on the package, but goodness in the package, the product, the plant, the people that make it, the way it is presented and thought of. No one will deny that these details, done better and to everyone's benefit, are often rewarding in unlooked for and surprising ways.

This is "Design, an Element of our Business"; this is "Integrated Design, a Concept of Order and Vision"; this is "What the Artist-Designer Offers Industry."

Let's make an honest-to-God effort to find out what good is. And if it is good, *do it*.

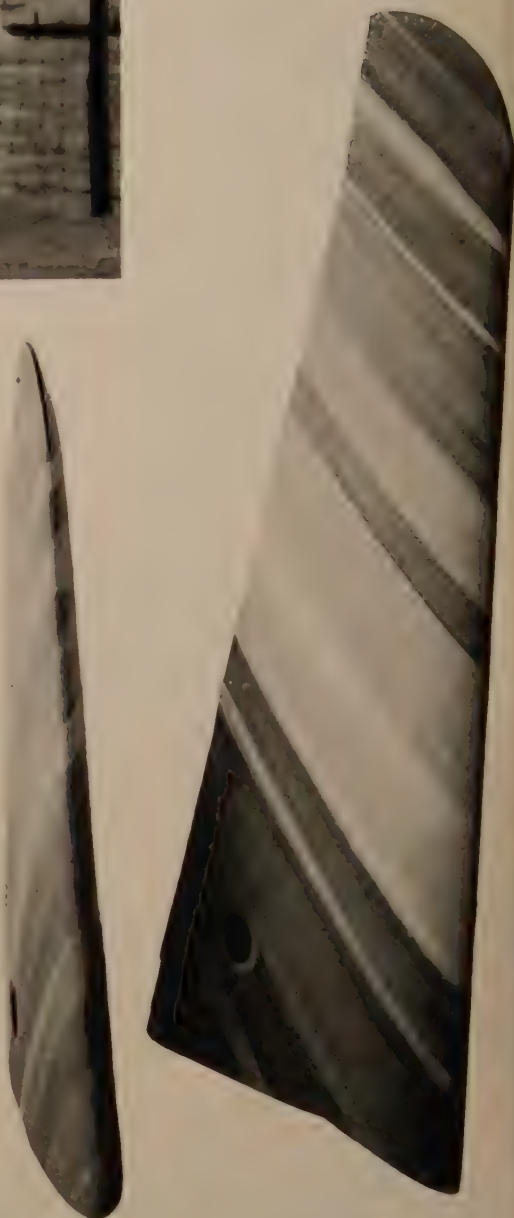
Container for The Toy, 1951, manufactured by Tigrett Enterprises, Chicago





Richard Buckminster Fuller, Geodesic Dome,
Fuller Research Foundation, Canada

David S. Block,
Small advertisement for Seeman Bros., Inc.,
from 28th Annual of Editorial and Advertising Art
(New York, Pitman, 1949)



Charles and Ray Eames, Stabilizer skins, molded plywood,
manufactured by Evans Products Co., Los Angeles,
courtesy Museum of Modern Art



Wet Paint sign, Martin-Senour Company

A. M. Cassandre,
Advertisement for
Container Corporation of America,
1938



Martin Bauman,
Magazine advertisement for Weco Products Company,
from 28th Annual of Advertising and Editorial Art,
(New York, Pitman, 1949)

Herbert Bayer



House of Cards, advertisement for
Container Corporation of America, 1941

NOT so long ago, an artist was only a real artist when he gave himself the air of being different from ordinary mortals. He had at least to wear a beret, velvet jacket and flowing black bow-tie. The artist-designer of today, however, is no more distinguishable from his contemporaries in his normal appearance and behavior. He wants to belong and to fit into everyday conventions when communicating with others. In this respect he has returned to society. In the early years of the Bauhaus, students arriving in conventional clothes felt compelled to sell them for something more fantastic, to demonstrate their opposition to the existing order. Today businessmen dealing with artists are meeting more and more with responsibility, respect for deadlines and understanding of other prosaic necessities.

For better human relations between artist and businessman, however, it should be pointed out that emotion is necessary for creation and cannot always be switched on and off in an instant. But this should be taken as a contribution, not a weakness, of the artist, since he brings into every assignment a great deal of extra enthusiasm. Because the artist cannot produce without it, the businessman during the process of collaboration should be aware of keeping this spirit alive. However responsibly the "reasonable" artist behaves, and however businesslike he may appear, every artist—and this perhaps includes the looked-down-upon commercial artist—has his personal struggle with himself: a struggle between vision and accomplishment, a fight towards maturity in his work, a conflict between imagination and reality.

Let us not forget that his soul is involved, and that he is often inclined to be a perfectionist, which makes life hard, anyway.

With the development of design as a function of business, new words and terms have come into use, and some old ones no longer seem to be correct. Some are antiquated or misleading and emphasize unnecessary distinctions. We have perhaps reached a point where we should review our terminology and attempt a revision or classification of such terms as artist, commercial art, decorator, graphic designer, visualizer, or the expression "patronage of art." This latter term implies an analogy—a flattering one—with the renaissance prince who was the patron of a Michelangelo or a Raphael. But if we can see that art needs industry as much as industry needs art, there will be no more patronage, in the sense of benefaction or material support. Instead a new collaboration and interdependency have grown up. Some large industries, assuming the role of patronage of the artist, have organized fine arts exhibitions and competitions. However admirable such promotional interest in art may be, I believe that it constitutes a misinterpretation of a more basic concept of design and the relation between management. Because of its former associates, therefore, the term "patronage of the arts" should no longer be used within our scope.

The terms "visual communication" and "visual language" have become familiar in recent years. The artist communicates with symbols. He will always tend to reduce the written words and tell his story with pictures. The modern artist believes that much of the tiresome copy could be omitted in the interest of better communication. It is my own contention that we find ourselves today suffering from an acute case of poisoning by too many words, which cruelly invade our minds every second of the day. Too many words can act like a screen between us and our visible world. Advertising must become simpler, more direct, and for that reason more pictorial. The fact that the poster, in the true sense of the term, has no proper place in this country is one proof that the pictorial message is undeveloped. Die-hard experts will tell us that all copy in ads is read practically word for word, and that without it the purpose of advertising would be defeated. In reply I would point to the successful use of visual language and of the minimum of copy in the messages of the Container Corporation.

Advertising and motion pictures are the most powerful instruments in molding public taste. Why are their standards so low? Both are media through which the artist could make his greatest contribution to society. Yet "commercial art" is still treated somewhat as a stepchild in our

museums and other cultural institutions. I recommend the formation of an organization whose authority would back up the designer's courage, help him to raise standards in his ethical and aesthetic mission, and could do much to give advertising art its proper standing as one of the most potent art forms of our day.

In this connection, I would like to touch on a curious situation which has always puzzled me. Some of the world's largest industries are headed by men whose collections of fine art, and that of modern art, are among the best. Yet here the cultured minds of these businessmen could be most influential and do most for public taste—namely in design within their own industry—whose influence is conspicuous by its absence. Is this because it would entail taking too great a chance, mixing art with such delicate things as sales? Or is the split between “fine” art and “commercial” art still too wide to be bridged by the cultured, intellectual mind?

The notion that practical life is only a necessary evil, tough and uninteresting, in contrast to the serene dream-life of beauty and ideals, must soon be outgrown. If everybody knows or learns how to contribute to the creativeness of daily life, work and business will come nearer to this utopian existence and will be worthy of devotion and enthusiasm. Business, social activities, politics, everyday work must then be more than just money-making, egocentric pursuits. We must inspire everybody with the visual experience in which we—artists and businessmen—can cooperate. Our future well-being depends on the concrete interchange of all human energies.

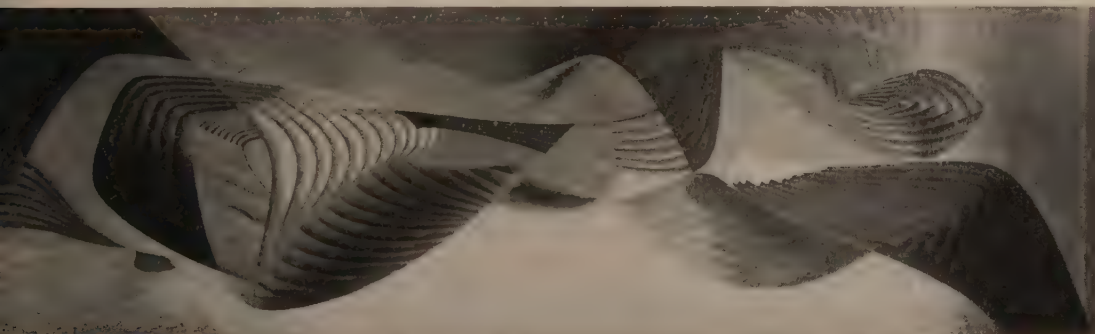
As in other fields of human endeavor, the specialist has also invaded the creative arts. But where specialization can take place only in techniques or special knowledge. The term *design*, as

Gropius puts it, “broadly embraces the whole orbit of man-made surroundings, from everyday goods to the complex pattern of the whole town.” The principle of design remains the same throughout. Design is a fundamental outlook at the service of the visual improvement of life; it is not merely detached self-expression. The artist is not a luxury. His function in society is as important as that of the banker, the businessman, the factory worker, or the farmer.

With this philosophy, a new kind of artist is emerging, who testifies to reality without sacrificing his vision. To illustrate that design is one principle which can be the basis of integrated activity and also of one individual, I may—perhaps immodestly—cite my own work. My practice has extended over a wide range of functions: design for advertising in its various forms, typography, book design, type design, some industrial design and packaging, various kinds of exhibitions, some interiors, color organization, some teaching, painting. But I am not the only artist who exemplifies such practices and beliefs. The fact that many of us think in such terms seems to me to promise the eventual extinction of that unfortunate split between fine art and commercial art; between thinking and feeling—a distinction detrimental to our culture.

My aim is the total design process, because it is a vision which I am pursuing, not perfection nor specialization in a technique. In this over-all belief, painting plays an important part. I do not separate it as such from my “functional” work. Painting is functional too. In fact, my experiences in painting have often influenced my practical work, and vice versa. But, above all, I want to be aware that art and business must converge and co-operate in the new visual experience towards total integration.

Ordure, 1950, mural, 19 1/2 x 6' 2", Harkness Commons, Harvard University



NEW YORK REZONED

Henry S. Churchill

THE feeling of warmth and attraction, indifference or repulsion, which people have for a city is in large measure the result of the relation of its component buildings to each other and to open spaces, rather than of the architectural quality of the buildings themselves—since few of these merit more than a passing glance, and so become only a vague mass among other vaguenesses. In the great periods of architecture, important buildings were carefully placed so that the surroundings gave them impact and dignity. They soared as the cathedral above mediocrity, or they faced the square among equals. Since man had only his hands and a few simple mechanical devices, such as the lever and the pulley, with which to build, building was a definite measure of man's spiritual conquest of the material. As a result a common "scale," compatible with human doing and being, is the common denominator of pre-industrial cities.

Not so the city of today. The development of machine technics has robbed man of any aspiration beyond that of "a higher standard of living" as defined by a statistical index. New York, Chicago, other megalopolitan centers have lost all sense of scale and with it all—or almost all—architectural quality as a result of the struggle to build every possible cubic foot of volume over every possible square foot of land. Such cities—either in their individual structures or in their total aspect—have no human scale, no consideration or use for the human beings who inhabit them.

In the early years of this century it became obvious that unless the builders were curbed, economic disaster would overtake the real estate interests and the city. The Zoning Resolution of 1916 was enacted in the realization that the development of technics of building made control of land coverage, building height and a modicum of light and air a public necessity. The steel frame, the elevator and electric light made it possible to erect structures that would completely shut out the sun from the streets, that would have little or no natural light or air within, and that would shelter so many people that streets, sewers, water and public services would be inadequate.

There had, of course, been controls even before 1916, but of a different kind. Building codes controlled structural safety, and the Tenement House Law, besides prohibiting windowless rooms, placed an arbitrary height limit on apartment buildings; there were requirements for rear yards to provide what was humorously called "block ventilation." As a result the typical architecture of the period was a cube, visible from the



View of Park Avenue looking north from 47th Street, photograph Ewing Galloway

street only as a solid façade, flat and punctured with windows, the first pair of floors usually "done" in limestone, and the whole topped with stone or tin cornice. Esthetic debate was heavily concerned with the question of uniform cornice heights and whether the rows of windows should not line up uniformly up and down Fifth and Park Avenues—the virtues of the Rue de Rivoli versus eclectic diversity. It was a period of architectural uncertainty and speculative urban expansion.

The Zoning Resolution of 1916 set forth in minute detail what the architect was allowed to do. If he followed these regulations to the letter, the result would be a building of the maximum cube permitted. Since builders and mortgage lenders equated maximum cube with maximum income and maximum loan, regardless of all other factors such as light, air, livability or consideration of the public welfare, the architect had no choice. . . .

As Douglas Haskell pointed out in his contribution to the *MAGAZINE OF ART*'s symposium "Government and Art" (November, 1950), archi-

ture alone among the fine arts is subject to or restrictions that are alien to it and are not erent in the medium itself. Architecture is actical," architecture is a "business," hence it st obey not only its own limitations of structure l material, but also the limitations of economics l law, imposed on it by laymen whose aims are, the one hand, exploitation of the land, and on other restraint of exploitation in the name of public. Because building involves the expendi- e of large sums of money, the position of the hitect is not that of the free artist. For that son architecture is peculiarly susceptible to ssures of authoritarianism, whether of the right, left or the economic.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the Zoning solution of 1916 had a profound effect on the m of structures. Soon after the Resolution be- ne effective, it became apparent that buildings the small twenty-five or fifty-foot lot were no ger economically feasible, and that the larger lot the greater the bulk that could be devel- ed. Since the law permitted towers of unlimited ght on twenty-five percent of the lot, the final urdury of the Empire State Building was the entual culmination.

It was the requirements for setbacks, how- er, that produced the "style" of architecture ich has been characteristic of New York for past thirty-five years. This is a real style, as vailable under the conditions of the culture ich imposed it as any of the great styles of the st. Regardless of whether the architect chose less his structure vertically, horizontally, paste asters on it, or just to poke holes in it, under- ath it is all the same. Style is form dictated by necessities of its time, and since the overriding ecessities of our time are rooted in economics, m follows *economic function*.



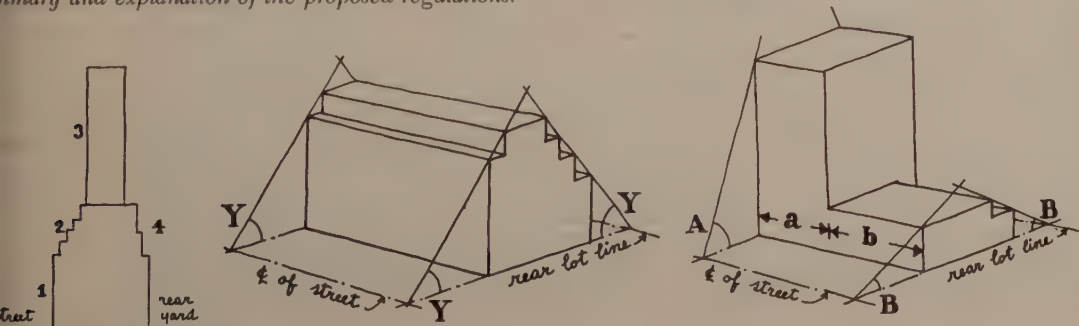
Kahn and Jacobs, Universal Pictures Building, 1946, photograph Ewing Galloway

grams of 1916 Zoning Resolution and proposed new Zoning Resolution.

nder the old resolution (left): 1. The height of the building on the street is limited; 2. If it goes her it must be set back; 3. A tower is allowed, of infinite height but limited in area to one arter of the lot; 4. Rear and side yards are controlled by minimum dimensions at ground level d increasing setbacks the higher they go. Under the proposed resolution the angle of light struction, Y, may be kept constant along the whole street frontage (center), or averaged by

formula $Y = \frac{Aa + Bb}{a + b}$ (right). These diagrams are from Rezoning New York City (New York

apter, American Institute of Architects, 1950), to which readers are referred for an excellent mmary and explanation of the proposed regulations.





Voorhees, Walker, Foley and Smith, Fresh Meadows, Flushing, N. Y., 1946-49, courtesy New York Life Insurance Company, photograph Fairchild Aerial Surveys

Now at last, however, the old law is to be superseded by a new one. This is not only a great improvement on that of 1916 but a great step beyond any zoning regulation in any large city in the country. By permitting the architect a variety of interpretations, instead of confining him in a mathematical strait jacket, it will do much to give him a choice of forms.

Instead of a series of rigid rules for height, setbacks, court widths and other minutiae, the proposed law offers three fairly simple formulas which can be applied in many ways.

First, bulk is simply controlled by assigning to the various zoning districts and land uses a ratio between the total area of all floors and the area of the land. Known as the Floor Area Ratio, it may vary all the way from .3 to 15. Subject to requirements for height and light, this means, for instance, that in an area within a permissive ratio of 1.0 the building could either cover all of the lot to a height of one story, or one-tenth of the lot to a height of ten stories, or any other variant that would maintain the ratio.

Second, the height of the street wall and the setbacks above are confined to a "tent" determined by angles rising from the center of the street and the rear lot line. But there are provi-

sions for variability, so that the street wall may be higher in part and lower in part.

Third, fussy court and yard restrictions are replaced by a simple graphic method of determining whether windows will receive enough light from the sky and not be too near another building.

There are other features of the proposed law that will, in the long run, have an effect only on the buildings but on their setting and the city. The limitation on bulk, for instance, will reduce the potential population of New York from seventy-seven million to a more reasonable (if improbable) number, and thereby perhaps is a step in the direction of eventually curbing overcrowding of transportation and public utilities in the outlying areas. Provisions for off-street parking and loading will help traffic and will require open space and lower density. New requirements for usable open space in residential zones should help to break up the old monotony of solid façades. This open space must be on the same lot with the building, either on the ground, the roof, balconies or all three. It is designed as a modern substitute for the backyard. The provisions for shopping centers, for a certain mixture of business and residence, and for the location—necessarily segregation—of certain kinds of li-



Mayr and Whittlesey-Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, Manhattan House, 1949-51, courtesy New York Life Insurance Company. Above: Model, photograph Ezra Stoller-Pictor. Below: View of garden, photograph Jerry Saltenberg



industry present a healthy reaction from the current "exclusive" type of zoning.

The greater freedom given to the architect under the proposed law, the whole tendency shown in it towards greater elasticity of interpretation, and the implied understanding that the needs of people are not static is part of what seems to be a general tendency to a return to human values. This is the first zoning law to recognize the fact that human values may perhaps be worthy of equal consideration with real-estate values. The dominance of the machine and its psychology is being questioned in more ways than one, and the proposed law follows a trend seen in other fields. There are signs that we will stick by humanity and not succumb to science.

If the art of architecture—the whole vast practice of the profession as it subtly reflects our life—is any indication of shifts in our values, there is a change. It shows, for example, in the new warmth and diversity that has replaced in our domestic buildings the sterility and non-humanism of the International Style. It is responsible for the final appreciation of Wright, and for the development of techniques and values going beyond Wright; it will in time assimilate the clarity and precision of Mies van der Rohe. Living values are gradually becoming the true economic values.

The process of revaluation is necessarily much slower in big cities than, for example, in the New Towns being planned and erected in postwar England. Big-city structures represent too great a capital investment, too great a "know-how" by investors unwilling to take a chance, too much inertia, for much experiment or quick change.

Public housing projects were the first urban experiments in planning for people instead of for exploitation. They stemmed, of course, from the reform movement which, as far back as the 1860's, sought to ameliorate the slums. Early efforts towards a more rational land use had been made for the Metropolitan Life by Andrew J. Thomas, whose method of analysis in fact became the basis of many later studies. Yet it was not until the depression produced large-scale public housing in which—at least at first—land costs were a secondary factor, that the possibilities of planning for light, air and recreation were explored in relation to the relative placement of structures, and the urban architect was again permitted to consider buildings as three-dimensional masses in space.

The principles involved were sound, large-scale investors became convinced: compare the speculative apartments on Grand Concourse with Fresh Meadows, or London Terrace with Manhattan House. The correlation between the social, the economic and the architectural aspects of housing immediately becomes apparent.

Commercial building—the office skyscraper—has reacted even more slowly. This may be because the economic demand for space in prime locations requires less compromise with social forces. Whatever the reason, it is noteworthy that

Rockefeller Center was not so much a step in the direction of a new attitude towards commercial building as it was an attempt to rescue the old concepts from the economic death imposed by the glandular gigantism of the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building and the downtown towers. These Pelions upon Ossa have no connection either with economic reality or with the people who use them. They may, with inflation, pay a return to their owners; but they are forever a burden to the city, while from the Bay they no longer appear something fantastic and delightful, but as a confused and pockmarked mass. From the land, from the streets—they go unnoticed, for no one lifts his eyes above the shop windows, or lifting, sees.

In general the architect cannot combat any of these things. He must build for the piper whose tune is played for the rental area permitted by law. Try as he may—and some have tried—the architect cannot give scale to the massed skyscraper. In a few cases he has succeeded in achieving *proportion*, which is an absolute relation between parts; but he cannot achieve *scale*, which is a function of contrast not merely between building and building, but between building and the immanence of man. It is man who gives scale to building, not the other way around. Trinity Church does not give scale to Wall Street: Wall Street extinguishes the church. Wall Street itself has no scale, only size, like the Grand Canyon, in relation to which people are irrelevant and lost.

The first step towards a new approach—in New York—is the building being erected for Lever Brothers on Park Avenue. It should be noted that this building is not primarily a rental proposition but a home office for a single concern. Quality of space and of architecture were sought after, while the economics of rental area were subordinate.

It is not the form of that building that is prophetic, however. The slab may prove to be only another cliché. What is prophetic is the use of land, the treatment of the first floor (it is not new, but in New York it is prophetic), the abandonment of the monstrous doorway and entrance hall, the achievement of something approaching human scale. (This is totally lacking in the U. N. Building, which is also a slab.) It makes Park Avenue seem architecturally fusty, like a bright young child in a roomful of dowagers.

The Lever Brothers Building may or may not conform to the new proposed Zoning Law, but something very like it could be built and encouraged by that law. It is probable, however, that the greatest changes will take place in the less congested parts of New York, where the economics of land use are less terrifying. There the provisions for open space, parking, orderly growth are more stringent, and there can be greater freedom.

In any case, changes in the character of the city will come slowly, under the pressure of increasing traffic congestion, continued decline of the rate of growth or population, and improve-

nents in electronic communications. One may foresee many abortive efforts at quick and quack remedies for the ailing city; financial losses, possible disasters, new methods of taxation and investment policy, before much is accomplished. The driving force will be the changing outlook towards those values of life which have for so long been repressed by the overwhelming technological progress that has achieved physical well-being at the expense of metaphysical atrophy. The growing conviction that revolt of the spirit is not only possible, but essential to survival, constitutes the light on the horizon.

The proposed new zoning is an entering wedge for the architect, a symptom of his future nature. The architect will find himself responsible

for his design, because as he is freed from legal shackles he can no longer blame the law. His field is continually widening so that community and social responsibilities become his also. As he shoulders these he may recover enough faith in himself and sufficient control over the conditions of his craft to produce an architecture for what Dean Burchard has called "Humanity—Our Client." This architecture will, one hopes, be based neither on the negation of Le Corbusier nor the virtues of Mumford, but on architecture as an art by and for itself—an art as self-contained as poetry or painting or music, from whose company it has been missing for quite a while. That people will live in this architecture, be gratified by it, take pleasure in it, is to be taken for granted.

View of Wall Street looking towards Trinity Church, photograph Ewing Galloway



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Contributors

As the *San Francisco Chronicle's* art and music critic, ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN is confronted almost daily with the problem of interpreting new artistic forms to the public. He is thus particularly well suited to discuss the relative degree of popular acceptance or rejection of such new forms in plastic arts and in music.

WILLIAM S. LIEBERMAN, curator of the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Print Room at the Museum of Modern Art, is altogether conversant with the history and techniques of modern printmaking. Mr. Lieberman has spent much time in Paris and knows well the printers and artists whose intimate collaboration has created the best of contemporary French book illustration.

RICHARD LIPPOLD's article on his own work—or on his own attitude of mind in working—continues similar revealing articles by Mark Tobey and David Hare. Mr. Lippold, now head of the art department at Trenton Junior College, was trained at the Art Institute of Chicago and practiced industrial design before turning to sculpture in 1942. Self-taught in sculpture, he has from the first worked in metal. His next one-man show will be at the Willard Gallery in February.

The wide acceptance of his original chair designs has made the name of CHARLES EAMES as familiar to the American public as that of any modern designer. But Mr. Eames has worked in many other media besides that of furniture and is conversant with the whole range of problems confronting the industrial designer today.

HERBERT BAYER has done as much as anyone to introduce into American design the principles and philosophy of the original Bauhaus. Consistent with the Bauhaus' goal of breaking down what it felt to be artificial barriers between the arts, Mr. Bayer has always practiced painting and design side by side as two aspects of one esthetic.

HENRY S. CHURCHILL of Churchill-Fulmer Associates is a practicing architect and planner who has had long experience in solving problems of housing environment and the planning of large-scale units. He has also written widely on city planning, housing and architecture. His *This City is the People* was published in 1945.

Forthcoming

The January issue will contain: BERNARD MYERS, "Kirchner and *Die Brücke*"; SAM HUNTER, "Francis Bacon"; JOHN BEGG, "Abstract Act and Typographic Form"; SIEGFRIED GIEDION, "Space and the Elements of the Renaissance City"; MINO WHITE, "The Camera Mind and Eye"; and an article by YVONNE HACKENBROCH on the current exhibition, "Two Thousand Years of Tapestry."

Note

MAGAZINE OF ART is proud to announce that the article by Walter L. Creese, "Architecture and Learning: A Collegiate Quandary," which appeared in the April, 1950, issue, has been awarded First Honorable Mention in the Howard Myers Memorial Award administered by The Architectural League of New York. First prize went to Walter Gropius for his article, "Not Gothic but Modern for our Colleges," in the *New York Times Magazine* for October 29th, 1949; second Honorable Mention to Jean Murray Bangs for "Profit Without Honor," *House Beautiful*, May, 1950. The awards were for "the best written, most progressive and most influential architectural writing in periodicals."

Correction

By oversight, acknowledgment was not made in the October issue of the fact that all photographs in "A Mural by Wilson Bigaud" were by Byron Coroneos, Port-au-Prince, excepting that of the drawing on p. 240 and the man making manioc-cakes on p. 241, which were by the author, Selden Rodman.

Film Review

Looking at Sculpture, produced by Realist Film Unit for British Information Service; directed by Alexander Shaw, commentary spoken by Michael Redgrave. 16 mm; black and white; sound; 1 reel (11 min.). Available from Brandon Films, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York 19. Sale \$40.

Three widely different pieces of sculpture in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, are analyzed in this film in order to bring out the point that museum-goers may find it more rewarding to focus their attention on a few objects rather than attempt to cover a bewildering array during a single visit. Each of the three works of art selected represents the Virgin and Child; but, as the commentary makes clear, this similarity of subject only serves to point up the differences in technique and style between an English whalebone carving of the romanesque period, a late gothic statue by the German Veit Stoss and a terracotta by the Italian renaissance artist, Rosellino. Although the entire works are sometimes bathed in a rather harsh light, producing too "contrasty" an effect, the details are excellent. Particularly noteworthy is the way in which these details carefully preserve the qualities of the surface, an important effect entirely lost in films—such as *Les Evangiles de Pierre*—made from casts rather than originals.

As uncompromisingly didactic as a talk in the BBC's "Third Programme," this unpretentious little film does not make the mistake of believing that an uninformed spectator is neces-

sarily an unintelligent one. Its premise is that works of art are deserving of concentrated attention, which it strives to enlist through the forthright imparting of information on an adult level, rather than through beguiling tricks designed to attract for a moment the fleeting notice of an audience assumed to be as capricious and undisciplined in its mental processes as a child.

This particular film, it must frankly be admitted, is a bit on the dull side. The approach of *Looking at Sculpture*, however, is worthy of emulation should museums in this country undertake to make films based on objects from their own collections. The need for films of this sort may perhaps be greater in England than in America, where most of the major museums, at any rate, have docents or other lecturers engaged in interpreting their art to the public. But anyone making such films might be well advised to follow this one in choosing to concentrate on works of sculpture—so well adapted to the camera's powers of exploration yet, surprisingly, relatively neglected in the roster of available art films.

HELEN M. FRANC

Recent Art Film Releases

Lightplay in Black, White and Gray, made by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy to illustrate the forms and relationships of constructivism. 16 mm; black and white; sound; 1 reel (6 min.) Available from A. F. Films, Inc., 1600 Broadway, New York 19. Rental \$10.

The Photographer, produced for the U. S. State Department, Overseas Division; photographed and directed by Willard Van Dyke. Deals with Edward Weston's photography of the California environment. 16 mm; black and white; sound; 3 reels (30 min.) Available for sale or rental from Brandon Films, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York 19; for sale only from United World Films-Castle, 1445 Park Avenue, New York 29. Rental \$10; sale \$42.32.

Williamsburg Restored, produced for Colonial Williamsburg by the Julien Bryan International Film Foundation, written by Basil Beyea, directed by Francis Thompson, narration by Walter Abel, music by Norman Lloyd. 16 mm; color; sound; 4 reels (44 min.) Available from Film Distribution Section, Williamsburg, Va. Rental \$5; sale \$180.

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Book Reviews

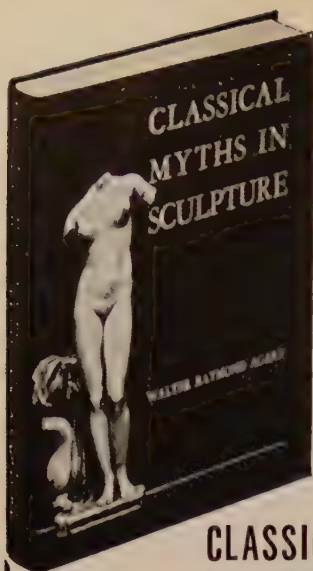
Kenneth Clark, *Landscape Painting*, New York: Scribner's, 1950. xv + 148 pp., 104 plates \$5.

When one sees and reads this book, one realizes how fortunate were the men at Oxford who heard Clark's Slade lectures there. As Ruskin wrote, in founding the Slade professorship with Sir Henry Ackland, they were intended to "make our English youth care somewhat for the arts. It is well conceived and executed to do that, and it does much more.

The first half of the book describes "how in spite of classical traditions and the unanimous opposition of theorists, landscape painting became an independent art"—"the chief artistic creation of the nineteenth century." This is done by suggesting four ways of seeing landscape as a means of pictorial expression: the landscape of symbols, the landscape of fact, landscape of fantasy, ideal landscape. The second half of the book relates these ways to the landscape of the nineteenth century with greater attention to individual artists. Here the illuminating chapter headings are "The Natural Vision," "The Northern Lights," and "The Return to Order." An epilogue applies the conclusions to painting of the last fifty years, when the most vital artists have turned away from nature. It is not a history of landscape painting, but an interpretation of artists and works who have added to "the imaginative experiences of mankind."

The illustrations, including many details, are most admirably chosen to make the author's points. For the acceptance of descriptive symbols they range from the Hellenistic Ulysses fresco to Uccello's *Hunt* at the Ashmolean Museum and Gozzoli's *Adoration of the Magi*, at the end of the middle ages. "Facts become art through life," as first in the works of Van Eyck, and so onward through Bellini, Dürer, and Breughel to the topographical painters of the eighteenth century. Man's creation of fantasy is illustrated, among others, from Grünewald, from El Greco and Rubens. Ideal landscape, as embodiment of a Golden Age of order, appears in the Venetians, in Claude and Poussin. With the advent of the nineteenth century came the beginning of what were contemptuously called "real views" by Gainsborough and which as examples of natural vision became objects of religious fervor with Constable, Corot and Courbet, and remained so still with Monet, Sisley and Pissarro. It was Turner and Van Gogh in their different ways who, in a delirium of light restored fantasy to nineteenth-century painting. Cézanne and Seurat who restored order.

The epilogue raises the question of an end to landscape painting. The author regards the best hope to be an extension of the pathetic fallacy and the use of landscape as a focus for our own emotions. "Expressionism is the art of the



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individual, and whether such an art can exist is a question for economists, sociologists, physicists and crystal gazers." As an old-fashioned individualist himself, Clark has no doubt that the human spirit will survive and will succeed in giving itself a visible shape. "But what form that will take we cannot foretell."

It is an extraordinary, but no doubt not wholly accidental coincidence that the publication of Clark's *Landscape Painting* should fall so close to that of Max J. Friedländer's *Landscape, Portrait, Still Life* (reviewed in the *MAGAZINE OF ART* for November, 1950), of which more than one half is devoted to landscape. People often justly complain that great scholars rarely write for even the cultivated layman. Here two of them have done it: their humanity, their penetration, their mellowness, their wit, are beyond all praise.

FISKE KIMBALL

Philadelphia Museum of Art

***Flemish Master Drawings of the Seventeenth Century*, with introduction by A. J. J. Delen, New York, Harper, 1950. 90 pp., 57 illus., frontispiece in color. \$3.**

***French Master Drawings of the Eighteenth Century*, with introduction by Erwin Gradmann, New York, Harper, 1949. 90 pp., 57 illus., frontispiece in color. \$2.50.**

These are just such texts and illustrations as would be prepared for good solid two-hour lectures to graduate students or specially interested laymen. The sense of being part of a series is strong in them. The volume on French drawings seems to me the better, not only because the illustrations are less hackneyed than the Flemish ones chosen in the main by Gradmann, but also because the subject is more concentrated: 22 Rubenses, 14 van Dycks, 16 Jordaenses, and four or five other artists, while the French volume spreads over twenty men. Delen's preface is a model of compression and yet retains some sensitive judgments; he is especially good on Rubens as a synthesis of native naturalism and Italianate idealism. There is at least one surprise among the plates: a foreshortened figure study by Jordaens from the Frits Lugt collection for an *Adoration of the Kings*. Gradmann's preface is almost as good. Though I cannot agree with him that Gabriel de St.-Aubin is "almost forgotten," I like his saying that "Boucher's drawings, viewed in quantity, can become unbearable because they show a frightful uniformity." I cannot imagine why he has changed Edmé Bouchardon's given name to Edmonde. His Boissieus and Liotards are comparatively unfamiliar, and he shows a wonderful Fragonard of an empty (but fillable) bed (Besançon, Musée National). The heliogravure plates are not first quality, but the books, printed in Switzerland, are quite nicely made.

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AMERICAN and EUROPEAN MODERNS

Louis V. Ledoux, *Japanese Prints: Sharaku & Toyokuni: In the Collection of Louis V. Ledoux* Princeton, Princeton University, 1950. Un-
paged, 45 black-and-white and 16 color
plates. \$25.

This handsome volume, the fourth of projected series of five, maintains the same high standards of book-making and reproduction that were initiated in the earlier volumes published by the late Mr. Ledoux himself. In fact so meticulous were the publishers—a rare occurrence—that they withdrew and reprinted the entire edition upon the discovery of certain blemishes. This volume catalogues and reproduces those prints in the Ledoux collection that were made chiefly in the Kwansei period (1789-1800), Sharaku to Toyokuni, with the exception of Utamaro, who was represented in volume three. His group of Sharakus (twenty-one in all, of which six are reproduced in color), were famous for their quality and rarity and have since been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, together with most of his primitives. The groups of woodcuts by Chōki, Shunyei and Yeishi are likewise distinguished; but perhaps the ten examples by Toyokuni I are the most impressive discovery in this volume. This artist is revealed as a designer of greater stature than might be assumed from his inferior work, more commonly seen, or from the productions of his namesakes and followers of the Utagawa School.

Louis V. Ledoux was a great collector in every sense of the word. His collection of around two hundred and fifty prints—a balanced sampling of the best in the history of the art—was the result of thirty years' study and passionate acquisition. He never allowed his collection to grow beyond the specified number; and whenever he found a more beautiful or important example, it replaced some weaker link of the chain. His collection was not kept intact after his death, for he believed with de Goncourt that collectors after him should have the opportunity to acquire the treasures that had been in his keeping. The set of five volumes, therefore, will ultimately be the only memorial of the collection as a whole. And what a magnificent memorial! The sumptuous volumes, with every print handsomely reproduced and expertly catalogued, the whole illuminated with Mr. Ledoux's urbane and authoritative scholarship and sensitive appreciation, will be cited and remembered as long as Japanese prints are studied. One need but add that the collection itself was in every way worthy of so beautiful a monument.

CARL ZIGROSSER

Philadelphia Museum of Art

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Georges Duthuit, *The Fauvist Painters* (Documents of Modern Art Series), New York, Wittenborn, Schultz, 1950. 126 pp., 19 illus. + 16 color plates. \$6.50.

This is an eminently fauvist book. Matisse's son-in-law and life-long admirer, a gifted writer himself, who has obstinately refused to go stale or "classical" with years (he became editor of *Transition* 48, which attempted to convey the best of the French vanguard to English-speaking readers in 1948 and the following years), gathered in it and revised articles first published in 1931. The book is disconnected, abruptly painful of any conventional introduction or conclusion, scornful of the much-vaunted but oft-mangled French clarity. Its paragraphs and chapters are solid blocks. "There are no holes in Matisse," said Gauguin, approved by Duthuit, and there are neither holes nor interstices in these hundred pages, packed with provoking reflections, caustic attacks, digressions involving Bergson, Nietzsche, German estheticians and anthropological lore. Georges Duthuit is obviously a man of wide culture, able to make some startling historical *rapprochements* (somewhat in the manner of Malraux, whom he derides amusingly), and of a highly impetuous temperament.

It is ironical that the English translation of this volume (originally published in 1949 by Trois Glorieuses, Geneva) should appear in a series called Documents of Modern Art." For the only supplementary parts of the book are the excellent bibliography and index by Bernard Karpel, which are appended to it, and the striking choice of illustrations. Elsewhere, one would look in vain for an historical account of the movement, for a study of the influences which helped Matisse and some of his friends become conscious of their purpose, such as the influence of the 1903 exhibition of primitive arts or that obviously exercised by Van Gogh, or for the story of the aftermath of fauvism: how the current represented by Derain and Vlaminck diverged from the one directed by Matisse, and how, after the impact of cubism, of Dada and of World War I, a return to the essentials of fauvism became conspicuous in Matisse, Vlaminck, Dufy.

The reader, or at least the present reviewer, while occasionally dazzled by the epigrammatic remarks of the author, by his fireworks of philosophical allusions and stylistic effects, many of them untranslatable, although the translator, Ralph Manheim, has done a creditable job of rendering the text faithfully while keeping its French flavor) must confess to being baffled more than enlightened. Georges Duthuit certainly possesses that passionate partiality which Baudelaire considered as the primary virtue of a critic. He is so ferocious against Vlaminck because of his fidelity to Matisse, and to culture and the intellect in general, his stress on "painting with one's loins."

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He does not give Dufy his full due as the graceful, airy and ironical Giraudoux of painting. He praises Marquet perhaps to an excess, but fails to sketch adequately the personality of three interesting lesser lights of fauvism, Manguin, Puy and Camoin.

He is naturally most valuable on Matisse, and especially when he quotes him, since he had first-hand information which posterity would value. Matisse wisely warned against what a painter said *in words*, often treasured more dearly than what he said *in his pictures*. The fact remains that, in his famous article in the *Grande Revue* of December 25th, 1908, often quoted and reprinted since, and in other more casual pronouncements, Matisse has expressed some of the most pregnant views on painting ever held by a painter. One wishes Georges Duthuit could have appropriated some of the "*luxe, calme et volupté*," of the calm especially, and the restraint, of his father-in-law. His book will stimulate, exasperate, antagonize, perhaps inspire. It will certainly not prove the "cerebral sedative, something like a good armchair to rest the businessman or the literary artist," which Matisse once wished his own painting to be. It has some of the dynamite which the fauvists hoped to throw in order to explode the legacy of impressionism. Forty-five years after the famous Salon d'Automne of 1905 where Vauxcelles christened them the fauves, one might reasonably have hoped for a more balanced and serene appraisal of the group. For fauvism, in retrospect, is one of the most momentous movements in modern art, a beautiful and essential chapter in the change that came over art between 1890 and 1905—a change called by Focillon "the most total revision of esthetic and technical values which has taken place since the renaissance."

HENRI M. PEYRE
Yale University

G. E. Kidder Smith, *Switzerland Builds: Its Native and Modern Architecture*, New York, Bonnier, 1950. 234 pp., illus. \$7.50.

Since the end of the war, Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries have seen the birth of a new direction in modern architecture which the *London Architectural Review* has called the "New Empiricism." Its characteristics are a conscious revival of pseudo-peasant forms in domestic buildings and an almost classical adaptation of Perret's pioneer work in large-scale structures. The "New Empiricist" architects emphasize the alleged regional, vernacular sources of their work—and yet their work is almost identical, whether built in Switzerland, Massachusetts or California. They constantly stress the "humanism" implied in rambling roofs, in accidental compositions, in woodiness and in submerging the architecture in the underbrush; yet they would be hard put to explain why cypress and stone are more "human" than steel and concrete.

Mr. Kidder Smith's handsome book, whether he likes it or not—is an indictment of strangely reactionary pollution of the mainstream of modern architecture. Most of the work photographed by him that was built before the second world war is disciplined, energetic, sophisticated. Some of Le Corbusier's best "pupils" built in Switzerland in those years, and they and their "international style" brethren built well. And practically all the postwar work photographed by Kidder Smith is mushy, undisciplined, false, romantic in the "blood and soil" vein, and demently confused in a labyrinth of architectural metaphysics. Because the architectural reaction of the past five years has never been so thoroughly documented, this is indeed a fascinating book.

Judging by the choice of material and skeleton of his story, Mr. Kidder Smith has been pretty well taken in (at least temporarily) by Swiss "New Empiricists." He has a really first-rate survey of vernacular Swiss architecture in the past; but if he means to imply that the new romanticists found their inspiration there, he is taking some pretty extensive historical liberties. The fabrication they learned from Gropius, not from St. Gall; cantilevered floors from Le Corbusier and Wright, not from Lucerne; asymmetrical composition they got from the cubists, not from the Impressionists. It is a measure of their reactionary tendencies that they must deny their international antecedents and try to discover local, regional and national sources.

Mr. Kidder Smith's generally excellent architectural photography also suffers, here and there, from the "New Empiricist" disease. Apparently, pictures of this new kind of architecture must always be taken through a bush or a cluster of brambles (so that there is virtually no architecture left in the finished plate—happily so in most cases, one might add); or else the foreground must be cluttered up with beavies of little girls—too young, really, to compete successfully with the architectural interest. And since this new romantic movement is intended to be cute as all hell, a good many of the pictures will be reproduced in postage-stamp size, in one far corner of the page.

Obviously it is a real measure of the interest of a book if it is capable of making its reader alternate between nostalgia for the days of Roth's and Breuer's Doldertal Flats, and nausea over the latest example of architectural fuzziness between renewed admiration for the Brechbuel school in Bern, for the St. Johannes church in Basel and for some of the old and new factories and renewed despair that so promising a development has now so largely gone to pot.

For these reasons, this is a good book to have around. One only wishes that Siegfried Giedion had really spoken up in his introduction and that there had been more pictures of Mies van der Rohe's structures.

PETER BLAKE
Magazine of Building

Albright Art Gallery, Catalogue of Contemporary Paintings and Sculpture, edited by Andrew C. Ritchie, Buffalo, Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, 1949. 213 pp., 87 plates. \$3.75.

Albright Art Gallery, Catalogue of the Paintings and Sculpture in the Permanent Collection, edited by Andrew C. Ritchie, Buffalo, Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, 1949. 213 pp., 87 plates. \$3.75.

Agnes Mongan, ed., One Hundred Master Drawings, Cambridge, Harvard University, 1949. xvi + 208 pp., 100 plates. \$7.50.

The seller's market has persisted about long in the field of art books as in any other, and an easy picture-book, especially if the color plates were teased up a bit, has sold like any hot pie. It is a pleasure to report on some carefully planned, conscientiously produced works of scholarship which are not just hurry-up publications.

The Albright Art Gallery volumes follow a pattern of comment which was probably invented by Mr. Ivins' "teaching" labels and which has been enriched by Messrs. Walker and Cairns, among others. Two or three hundred words of introduction, followed by brief biographical and technical data, face each halftone. The provenances and bibliography are set apart at the end of the volume, so that laymen who are not incensed by such information may skip it. About twice as many unreproduced works are also listed.

The letterpress and binding are not too good to be smart, and the photographs are excellent. In the modern section, the superb Rouault and Lehmbruck, the early Matisse and Picasso, Degas, Lachaise, Modigliani, Shahn, Keith Vaughan and Watkins stand out; though two or three of these are themselves standards for judging other work of the same artists, they are above the slightly too "typical" level of many of the choices among other artists (paradoxically, one of the most neatly typical selections, the Lipchitz, is rather a feeble one, though amusing). If the policy of probation and possible purging announced for the Room of Contemporary Art at Buffalo is followed, the result will be worthy to join the older collection. There, the temptation to get a "typical" work of each artist and to hit all the high spots has been resisted. A temporary result of this stern policy is a number of curious gaps, but these are hardly to be regretted when there are such wonderful objects as the Corot *Italian Monk Reading*, the fine Hogarth, the great Daumier, a corner-piece among Gauguins, the unusual Monticelli

portrait (whose costume dates about ten years later than the suggested date of 1865), the Chinese stone chimera, the Javanese Buddha head, the granite Shiva, and the great Spanish and Italian baroque sculptures bought in the last three years. The collections, as seen in these readable books, give a strong feeling of kinship with the Smith College Museum. Would it not have been pleasant to reduce the number of halftones in the contemporary volume, and provide at least one color plate of a work difficult to reproduce in black and white? Many abstractions, despite all the skill and the color filters of the photographer, are illegible in halftone.

The Harvard volume is a memorial of the exhibition held to celebrate the seventieth birthday of Dr. Paul J. Sachs. Seventy of the drawings belong to collections formed largely under his stimulus, and thirty are additions made to the Fogg collection since its catalogue was published in 1940. The collotype plates are admirably large, and in most cases the reproduction is good. A series of friends has contributed notes on the drawings, which include some not previously published, some which have recently passed into American ownership (notably from the Liechtenstein collection), and some tremendous classics. Among drawings that have not "been around" much, there should be mentioned Robert Lehman's early Flemish *Men Shoveling Chairs*, Mrs. Danforth's pristine Corot, The Pierpont Morgan Library's Rubens landscape with watercolor, the panoramic Cuyp which John S. Newberry, Jr., gave to the Fogg at the end of the show, the L. V. Randalls' Peter Visscher, the Chicago Rembrandt nude, and that perfection of *vanitas*, the Ingres portrait of Lucien Bonaparte's family which went to Harvard with the Winthrop collection. These and the rest have been understandingly interpreted in comments which are effects of scholarship rather than displays of it. The whole is an agreeable and sustaining mixture, complete with a graceful essay, *Drawing and the Man of Letters*, by Jean de Seznec; and it is addressed, as Agnes Mongan says, to those "who used to be referred to as 'cultivated amateurs.'" One of the most useful features of the book is that the technical descriptions of media have been checked by the Fogg Museum laboratory and can be depended upon. I miss the mention of dealers among the provenances—one of the unusual and fine details of the Fogg catalogue of 1940.

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Paul S. Wingert, *American Indian Sculpture: A Study of the Northwest Coast*, New York, Augustin, 1949. xii + 144 pp., 76 plates + 7 maps and figures. \$7.50.

For many years, while anthropologists talked to each other about primitive art, it remained a rather esoteric field. In the past two decades that situation has changed through the exhibitions of primitive art, held not in ethnological museums but in art galleries. Recently art critics and art historians have discussed this field as they would a period or style within the more traditional art heritage, and it is in this category that the present work belongs. Dr. Wingert brings to his study the approach of a student of sculpture, and in applying it, sheds new light on an art that even to the anthropologist has not been too well known.

The title of this book is misleading, for far from dealing with the field of American Indian sculpture, it concentrates on a little-known area, marginal to one of the outstanding art regions of aboriginal America. The Indians of the North Pacific Coast or the Northwest Coast, as ethnologists call it, developed one of the leading and distinctive art styles of the continent, and while the region is generally defined as stretching from the mouth of the Columbia River to southeastern Alaska, the great work is found only among the northern tribes. This leaves the Coast Salish, whose wood sculpture is the subject of this book, as a southern marginal people to their artistic neighbors, and being so close, they have been consistently neglected in any discussion of the art of the Northwest Coast. Under these circumstances it can be understood why the book was not called "The Wood Sculpture of the Coast Salish," but still a closer relationship between title and content might bring less disappointment to anyone looking for a large general study who finds instead a detailed analysis of one of the least-known arts of North America.

In dealing with the art of a primitive people (and the term "primitive" is used here to mean pre-literate), the student must work without the aid of history. Anthropological records rarely antedate the middle of the nineteenth century, and museum pieces collected earlier often lack trustworthy documentation. The occasional objects gathered by early explorers shed some light, but they also were frequently carelessly recorded. Added to these difficulties is the ephemeral character of much of the material of which primitive arts are made, so that the numerous examples

have met with many hazards. These conditions have blocked historical analysis and led to the assumption that primitive art has a static quality. Furthermore, since many of these arts were no longer practiced when they first came to the attention of modern scholars, the few natives who could discuss the material knew it only within their historical horizon, namely their own times. For this reason, as well as others, the present volume is an important addition to the literature of the Pacific Northwest, for it not only discusses a little-known phase of art, but in doing so gives historical depth to an art style that has often been regarded as entirely the product of the nineteenth century.

The wood sculpture of the Coast Salish is a very limited and simple art consisting of figures of animals and humans that to one who knows the culture seem realistic. In size they range from human figures surmounting combs of an overall height of seven inches to grave monuments, house posts from six to eleven feet tall. One striking feature of this art is the beautiful proportion kept in these figures, regardless of their size, that a photograph without the dimensions would give no clue as to the scale of the object. This point is especially significant because it is a characteristic of the more elaborate art of the northern tribes of this area. However, wood is only one of the mediums used by the Salish in sculpture, and to discuss it without reference to the stone work from the same area seems unjustified. It is true that these two materials are used for different types of pieces, but there is a basic art style that not only unites them but is also historically important in any analysis of the art of the Northwest Coast. Since wood is easier to carve, this medium allows the sculptor greater freedom of expression and greater range in the type of objects to be created. Yet some of the stone figures of the Lower Fraser River and again along the lower Columbia should have been considered in this study, for there can be found some of the historical background so often lacking in a study of primitive art that has no continuity into archeology.

The contribution in Dr. Wingert's book for which the anthropologist is most grateful is the study of Salish wood carving in terms of sculpture. He has isolated styles and their areas of distribution and in doing so has pointed out some interesting cultural relationships that have been vaguely indicated by studies of other cultural traits. The only question to be raised here is whether these styles have been determined on

LOUIS CARRÉ
modern french masters
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asis of enough examples and whether the cultural use of the object has not in some instances also had an effect on the style. For example, the shamans' wands which form Type A express not only the penetrating look of the medicine man in his underworld search for a soul, but also one of the characteristic dance postures, both in arms and legs. Again, the large house-post figures which portray a human grasping an animal represent a man wrestling with the creature that is either his guardian spirit or sent by his spirit. If these styles and the objects that exemplified them are truly limited to the tribes to which they are assigned here, and the distribution is not due to chance collecting, a high degree of tribal specialization is at last shown in a region that has long been regarded as comparatively homogeneous.

Again Dr. Wingert's analysis of technique and style tradition is an approach that pleases an anthropologist, for the influence of the material and technique on art is always apparent in the primitive field. He indicates the effect on the culture of the use of the plank, the column and carving in relief. But the relation of these technical traditions to the stylistic ones cannot be proved with the meager material gathered, and point to cultural relationships that seem spotty and inconsistent in the light of present knowledge. The connection of the Salish art with that of the tribes immediately to the north is much better founded than the interrelationships within the Salish area.

These criticisms should not overshadow the pleasure with which this book should be received into a field that is becoming increasingly important to the student of art as well as of anthropology. It is the meeting-place of two disciplines that can gain enormously from the knowledge and understanding that each can give the other.

ERNA GUNTHER

University of Washington

Richard Adams Rathbone, *Introduction to Functional Design*, New York, McGraw-Hill, 1950. 307 pp., illus. \$3.75.

In planning his title, the author has, I assume wittingly, gone counter to the prevalent popular understanding of the word *functional*, as applied to design, in the hope of assigning to it something other than a semi-industrial connotation. The reader will discover, rather, that the three hundred pages of this book are concerned with the very general nature of order observed in a somewhat categorical manner.

Divided into three parts, *conception, design and function*, the text consists of seventeen pages

devoted to Part I (a disproportionately short comment on "The Purpose of Composition" in terms of arbitrary classifications, such as Realism, Romanticism, Classicism, and the like); approximately two hundred pages to Part II (a factual analysis of design elements, materials and procedures); and less than a hundred pages to Part III, a special description of technique as applied to Mural Painting (67 pages); Illustration, of which the primary purpose, or function, is stated "to present a pictorial idea" (3 pages), and Portraiture, "The obvious purpose" of which "is to produce a correct likeness of the sitter," although what is *correct* is not clear (6 pages).

It should be said for the author's prefatory thesis, "it is my aim to present the laws and underlying principles of design, and the reasons for their existence, and the ways by which they may be used in painting," that Part II possesses a how-to-do-it quality which will be informative for the novice and reminiscent for the teacher or advanced student. Unfortunately, the classified presentation is somewhat monotonous and often too carefully detailed to be broadly stimulating. The beginner, in particular, must be warned against petty information which lecture or tutorial emphasis would subordinate and explain properly. The many diagrams, with captions that illustrate the text but are independent of it, may be useful if one is able to disregard the obviousness of their variations.

Well-manufactured, neatly produced as the book is, I cannot, in spite of the danger of being inaccurate through quoting out of context, overlook certain pronouncements which crop up, such as (when discussing the value of design *per se*, page vii): "success will be inevitable if the constituents of design are known and put into effect," or (when describing the physical nature of color, page 113), "of all the compositional elements, color is relatively the least important," or (when distinguishing between easel and mural painting, page 214), "while it is felt by some that an easel painting has no excuse for existence, there is undoubtedly a certain amount of aesthetic value and appeal in work of this type which may justify its existence in spite of the fact that it is otherwise non-functional." There are undoubtedly many who, as I have, can profit from the analytic particulars with which this volume deals, but who will also do well to remember that the Mona Lisa smiles wistfully.

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George Boas, *Wingless Pegasus: A Handbook for Critics*, Baltimore, Johns Hopkins, 1950. x + 244 pp. \$3.50.

Richard Guggenheimer, *Creative Vision in Artist and Audience*, New York, Harpers, 1950. xi + 173 pp. \$2.50.

In *Wingless Pegasus*, as in his earlier book *A Primer for Critics*, Mr. Boas discusses in a provocative and learned way important critical problems. Again his relativist position is a stimulating challenge to objectivist esthetic theories.

Mr. Boas is especially concerned with problems of value: instrumental and terminal values, liking and approbation, standards and so forth. He emphasizes the widespread evidence for many different kinds of value in works of art and argues that this multivalence is the natural result of the varied historical and social contexts which largely determine our criteria. This multivalence is freely illustrated, most entertainingly, perhaps, in the essay—a welcome reprint from the *Journal of the History of Ideas*—"The Mona Lisa in the History of Ideas."

While agreeing with Mr. Boas' basic critical point of view, this reviewer finds some of his conclusions overstated. For example, he contends it is a critical fallacy to believe that "the value assigned by experts is the right value." Although he can hardly mean that critics or experts do not experience finer values than the untrained, insensitive observer, his assertion that the values of each are equally "right" seems to ignore the possibility of education in artistic taste. His extreme relativism is more certainly evident in his discussion of hierarchies of values. Here he challenges the validity of various distinctions between higher and lower values. It is not surprising that his book concludes with the advice to critics to "give up praising and blaming, legislation, evaluation."

Mr. Guggenheimer's book, by contrast, gives the greatest attention to qualitative evaluations. Indeed the entire book is a kind of meditation upon the difference between "fragmentary vision" and "seeing whole." Vision the author defines as a "form of awareness." Incomplete vision results primarily from a lack of connectedness in our thinking and feeling, from diffuseness in living, from "limited attention." Complete vision is seeing life whole; it requires "total attention," concentration and contemplation, and above all the attainment of personal integration. In the eloquent explanation of this ideal, other big words which recur are maturity and wisdom, serenity and harmony, beauty and truth.

Throughout his discussion Mr. Guggenheimer stresses the connection between art values and life values. "There is a profound relationship between creativity and quality of human character." Art is basically dependent upon virtue. Thus contemporary art is directly related to "the quality of our insight." The daring innovations, "easy skill," "stylistic extravagances" and "egocen-

tric virtuositities" of much modern art result, the author implies, from moral and spiritual weakness.

An outstanding value of this little book is the inspiration it gives to better achievement both in art and in life. A weakness is its lack of specific illustration and its almost total preoccupation with generalities.

These two books complement each other in interesting ways. Both ostensibly deal with esthetic problems, yet both seem at least equally concerned with other disciplines: Mr. Boas' with anthropology, sociology and psychology; Mr. Guggenheimer's with ethics. In basic outlook the authors are poles apart: on the one hand, a relativist who exalts the intellect and is impressed and unperturbed by differences among men; on the other, an absolutist who exalts intuition and pleads for the cultivation of similar virtues in mankind. The literary styles, as one would expect, also differ greatly: Mr. Boas writes in a lucid, somewhat didactic and matter-of-fact manner; Mr. Guggenheimer offers us "poetic" prose which, though tending towards purple passages, is remarkable for its ease and charm.

BERNARD C. HEYL
Wellesley College

Roxford Newcomb, *Architecture of the Old Northwest Territory*, Chicago, University of Chicago, 1950. xvii + 176 pp., 96 plates, 49 illus. \$20.

Subtitled "A study of early architecture in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota," Dean Newcomb's most recent study deals with the relatively little-known past of midwestern architecture. The period with which he is concerned extends from the 1780's, when the Congress of the Confederation enacted ordinances for the administration of the Northwest Territory, to the Civil War. Throughout these years colonists in increasing numbers were bringing in the familiar architectural forms of the East of the South and of northern Europe, to be modified by climatic necessity and by an abundant variety of indigenous materials. From these diverse elements emerged a public and domestic architecture of discernible continuity, which in general followed the sequence of Early American Georgian, Federal, Classical and Gothic Revival styles. The pattern amply justifies Dean Newcomb's conclusion: "... there is a common quality that indelibly stamps midwestern architecture as different, yet truly American."

The approach is historical, rather than critical; there is a sound background of local history and topography, and a prevailing flavor of social and cultural development. Certain misconceptions are corrected, as in the section on "Pioneer Architectural Types," where a clear distinction is maintained between the early blockhouse of squared logs and the much later log cabins of popular imagination.

Special praise should be given to the plates, selected and photographed with great care and magnificently reproduced in a picture-book edition at the back. But their usefulness would have been enhanced if direct reference to them had been made by number in the text. The reader is apt to be confused by a continual search through this section, especially since the plates do not follow the order of the text exactly. With this exception, the format is impeccable; notes, index and bibliography are useful and comprehensive, and the book's design is exceedingly handsome.

ALICE BENNETT GIBSON
Iowa City

attempting to educate. The garden-city villa is discussed cheek by jowl with the skyscraper, and one does not know whether or not the author approves of tall buildings, since he merely describes how the frame carries its load. Towards the end comes a short chapter on *Art and Architecture*—a mélange of ideas from Ruskin, Bannister Fletcher and Giedion, but the illustrations for this chapter are not particularly illuminating. The best thing about this handbook is its social consciousness. The author believes in the necessity for clearing the slums and rebuilding the cities, but he has not shown his people how to go about it.

CHRISTOPHER TUNNARD
Yale University

S. C. Oak, *A Handbook of Town Planning, with introduction by N. V. Modak, Bombay, Hind Kitabs, 1949. xii + 140 pp., 75 illus. Rs. 7-8.*

Written for a country in which the average expectation of life is twenty-seven years, this book consequently differs from the usual town-planning textbook in emphasizing problems of sanitation, the one-room dwelling and a pure milk supply. It is by an engineer who has drawn on familiar British and American sources for his information, greatly to the book's disadvantage. It would have been more valuable to India's citizens and to interested American planners if Mr. Oak had tried to develop an approach which recognized the local traditions and character of the villages and towns he hopes to rebuild. The author discusses the slums and public health without ever linking them to the unique ways in which people live, go to market and gather together in his tradition-steeped land; we cannot make allowances for him on this score, although it may be necessary to do so for others. An American architect recently announced that it was appropriate that he should have been engaged to plan a new Indian city, since the people there were looking to the West for their ideas. One may strongly suspect that this is not true of the majority in this highly-civilized nation; if it is, India will not get the grass-roots planning that any country needs, which should be based on its land, people and institutions, as well as on the technological "improvements" of machine civilization.

The author deals quite briefly with the concept of the master plan, with zoning, housing, the acquisition of land, communications, industrial location and sanitation. None of these topics, however, is developed in such a way as to be anything but confusing to the lay audience whom he is

Elizabeth McCausland, *Careers in the Arts, Fine and Applied, New York, John Day, 1950. 278 pp. \$3.75.*

This book sums up the recent contributions of Elizabeth McCausland on the economic role of the contemporary artist. Essentially, it presents the lack of opportunities in the fine arts as contrasted with the jobs available in advertising, illustration and similar utilitarian arts. High school and college vocational counselors should derive valuable information from this survey. Only too often advisors are charmed by the glamor of fine art and blithely recommend youngsters to a career with little thought of the difficulties inherent in such a choice. Students who contemplate a career in the arts should certainly study this book. In reading of the many types of jobs available they will learn that art consists of more than picture-making, and that it is better to create a first-class typographic layout than a second-class painting. They may also learn of the art schools which offer specific types of art and general education.

The chapter on teaching is especially important for those who insist on pursuing a career in the fine arts. Since it is quite unlikely that they will be able to live from the sale of their art, it is important that they plan for some means of economic stability. Just as the pure scientist supplements his research with classroom teaching, so the talented fine artist can and should teach in a college or professional art school. This will necessitate general and teacher-training education along with artistic specialization. The fact that many of our important artists are working in colleges indicates the practicality of combining personal art expression with teaching.

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GEORGE McNEIL
Pratt Institute

Lionello Venturi, *Impressionists and Symbolists*, translated by Francis Steegmüller, New York, Scribners, 1950. 244 pp., 217 plates. \$5.

In his wish to define the "essential tone" of ten "artistic personalities" Mr. Venturi continues to serve as a kind of optimist among critics, interpreting with a genuine intuition of pictorial values more than two hundred of the works reproduced at the end of these essays. Even at its most cursive pace his commentary is ingratiating and soundly felt. We read Mr. Venturi to discover with him that the landscape in Manet's *Picnic* is neither background nor setting for the figures, that Cézanne's distortion of the circle in *The Little Bridge* harmonizes vision in depth with vision on the surface, that the atmosphere of light in Seurat's *Grande Jatte* makes the crowd look as if it had suddenly left a night club to enter a church.

These essays, actually the second volume in *Modern Painters*, find their sustaining theme only as an afterthought, in the epilogue—the new nineteenth-century anomaly of line, form and color relating Van Gogh, that herald of the fauves, to Degas, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir and the illustrator Toulouse-Lautrec. Yet these relationships are vaguely implied, and we might better understand Gauguin's syntheticism if there were a word more on Sérusier, Maurice Denis, Bonnard and the rest of the Nabis lately so much recovered in Paris. For them we shall have to go to Dorival or Wilenski, as we shall have to go back to Rewald for a stricter view of the impressionists. However, Mr. Venturi is not here concerned with history but with personality and the nuances of paintings; and after all a good many close historians lack his sensitivity to the pictorial image.

The translation is idiomatic and fluent; the reproductions are abundant and clear, the bibliographies large and useful. The book will find its place through its many private evaluations.

WYLLIE SYPHER
Simmons College

Latest Books Received

- Blake, Vernon, *THE ART AND CRAFT OF DRAWING*, New York, Dover, 1951. xvi + 414 pp., 130 illus., 28 plates. \$6.
- Baur, John I. H., *REVOLUTION AND TRADITION IN MODERN AMERICAN ART* (Library of Congress Series in American Civilization), Cambridge, Harvard University, 1951. x + 170 pp., 199 illus. \$6.
- THE CARE OF PAINTINGS, New York, UNESCO (distributed by Columbia University), 1951. 161 pp., illus. \$2.25.
- Cottrell, Leonard, *THE LOST PHaraohs*, New York, Philosophical Library, 1951. 256 pp., 52 illus., \$6.
- Fox, Milton S., *PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR* (Library of Great Painters Portfolio Edition), New York, Abrams, 1951. 24 pp., 4 illus. + 10 color plates. \$1.25.
- FOX, Milton S., *A SELECTION OF THE WORLD'S GREAT MASTERPIECES* (Library of Great Painters Portfolio Edition), New York, Abrams, 1951. 4 illus. + 10 color plates. \$1.25.
- Holmes, John M., *THE ART OF INTERIOR DESIGN AND DECORATION*, London, Longmans, Green, 1951. xi + 195 pp., 66 illus. \$3.25.
- HORSES, edited by Bryan Holme, New York, Studio-Crowell, 1951. 98 pp., 128 plates + frontispiece in color. \$3.50.
- Kuh, Katharine, *ART HAS MANY FACES*, New York, Harper, 1951, xiii + 185 pp., 271 plates, 7 in color. \$6.50.
- Louis V. Ledoux, *JAPANESE PRINTS: HOKUSAI AND HIROSHIGE: IN THE COLLECTION OF LOUIS V. LEDOUX*, Princeton, Princeton University, 1950. Unpagged. 44 black-and-white + 8 color plates. \$25.
- Mack, Gerstle, *GUSTAVE COURBET*, New York, Knopf, 1951. xv + 406 pp., 60 plates. \$6.
- Matthews, John F., *EL GRECO* (Library of Great Painters Portfolio Edition), New York, Abrams, 1951. 24 pp., 4 illus. + 10 color plates. \$1.25.
- Read, Herbert, *CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ART*, London, Penguin, 1951. 47 pp., 64 black-and-white + 6 color plates. \$85.
- Read, Herbert, *THE MEANING OF ART*, London, Pitman, 1951. 262 pp., 70 illus. \$3.50.
- Schapiro, Meyer, *VINCENT VAN GOGH* (Library of Great Painters Portfolio Edition), New York, Abrams, 1951. 24 pp., 4 illus. + 10 color plates. \$1.25.
- Short, Ernest, *A HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS ARCHITECTURE*, New York, Norton, 1951. xix + 306 pp., 19 illus. 65 plates. \$6.
- Sloane, Joseph C., *FRENCH PAINTING BETWEEN THE PAST AND THE PRESENT*, Princeton, Princeton University, 1951. xxii + 241 pp., 90 plates. \$12.50.
- Swilens, P. T. A., *JOHANNES VERMEER: PAINTER OF THE LEFT: 1632-1675*, New York, Studio, 1951. 221 pp., 80 plates. \$7.50.
- Tannenbaum, Libby, *JAMES ENSOR*, New York, Museum of Modern Art, 1951. 128 pp., 109 plates. 8 in color. \$4.
- Taylor, Lucy D., *KNOW YOUR FABRICS*, New York, Wiley, 1951. 366 pp., 146 illus. \$6.75.
- Thompson, James W., *MASTERPIECES OF ITALIAN PAINTING* (Library of Great Painters Portfolio Edition), New York, Abrams, 1951. 24 pp., 4 illus. + 10 plates. \$1.25.
- THE VIRGIN AND THE CHILD: AN ANTHOLOGY OF PAINTINGS AND POEMS, Elizabeth Rothenstein, ed., London, Collins-Scribner's, 1951. 95 pp., 22 plates. \$3.

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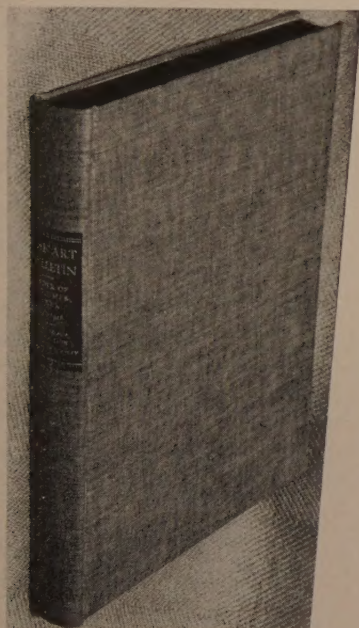
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